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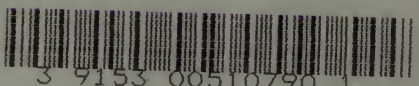

"THE LIGHT KEPT GROWING ALL THE TIME." PAGE 137.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE RAJAH

A

STORY OF THE SEA,

BY

HOWARD PATTERSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY

WARREN SHEPPARD.

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BY

HOWARD PATTERSON.

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PREFACE.

It was not my original purpose to afflict the reader with a preface ; but when it was too late to modify it, I discovered that a sentence figuring in my description of the schooner's mate bears a somewhat suspicious resemblance in phraseology and thought to an idea elaborated by Clark Russell. The similarity involves nothing more unworthy than a rather singular coincidence, with which explanation I launch the *Rajah* conscience clear.

THE AUTHOR.

ILLUSTRATIONS CONTAINED IN THE CAPTAIN OF THE RAJAH.

DRAWINGS BY

WARREN SHEPPARD, ESQ.

Engraved by the New York Photo Electrotype Company.

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THE CAPTAIN OF THE RAJAH.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCHOONER RAJAH AND HER CREW.

IS twenty-five years since any human being saw the face of the Rajah's captain, but no photograph is needed to call it back from the Atlantic. For my brief misapprehension concerning its possessor, I was indebted to the conscientious old man whose business it became to find a crew for the schooner. He assured me with a look of really disturbed sincerity that I should find a father in the skipper, and my extreme youth probably justified the assumption that such a relative was precisely what I needed.

There is a dash of gray through my hair now, but at that time I was a mere stripling, filled with enthusiasm for my profession, and serving as a forcastle lad on board the fore and aft schooner Rajah, of New York.

The first time I saw the vessel was in the late afternoon of a sweltering mid-summer's day. Great, black,

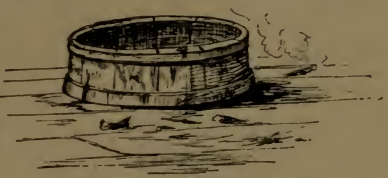
ragged clouds were sailing up out of the north-west, promising wind and rain. Nor was the promise long delayed. They gathered thick and threatening until the heavens were entirely overcast, then a long reverberating rumble announced the opening of the ariel cannonade. Next came the rain, faintly at first, growing heavier, until it seemed to assume the proportions of a deluge.

It all comes back vividly enough.

I picture myself once again in the dirty, tobacco begrimmed shipping office of Timson & Son, on South street, watching the shaky, avaricious fingers of old Timson scratching away at his apology for a desk. At another table in an equally advanced stage of delapidation and decay sits the junior member of the firm, reveling in the rather foxy and generally suspicious aspect so entirely characteristic of his sire. A greasy, wooden railing extends across the center of the office, and several very smoky nautical prints, models of muddy coloring, hang upon the grimy walls. On one side of the railing, lounging on a long, time stained bench, are four hardy looking, weather beaten seamen, while a lad stands deferentially beside this

THE SHIPPING MASTER'S OFFICE.

venerable piece of furniture, knowing too much to exhibit sufficient familiarity to occupy even a limited share of it in the absence of an invitation from the autocrats of the forecastle. While the men wait for the filling out of the articles which the shipping crimp has in preparation, they exchange rather audible criticisms concerning the pictures and their owner, and by way of variety, occasionally aim a marvelously well directed broadside of tobacco juice at the large solitary "kit" in the shape of a sawed down mackerel pail which reposes on the sanded floor several feet away. At last old Timson pushes back his chair, wipes his pen on the few scant locks of hair which still struggle for existence, approaches the railing, spreads his legs far apart, and eyeing the articles as though some bitter antipathy existed between himself and them, jerks out in one sentence:



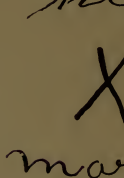
"OLD SOGERS HOME."

"ShipsnameRajahCaptainHerringboundtoRioseamanswagestwentyfivedollarsmonthonemonthsadvanceshipoutandhomesignifyoucanwriteortouchpen."

Which being interpreted stands:

Ship's name, the Rajah; Captain Herring; bound to Rio de Janerio; seaman's wages twenty-five dollars per month; one month's advance; all hands ship for the voyage out to Rio and return to New York. Sign your name to the articles if able to write, otherwise

touch the shipping master's pen after he signs your cross.

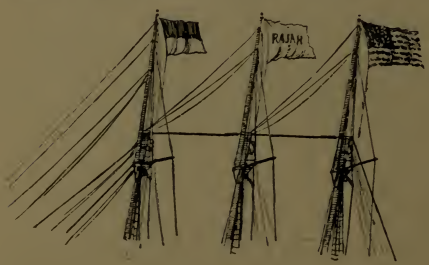


SEAMAN'S AUTOGRAPH.

I remember the rain had ceased when we shouldered our dunnage, and, preceded by Timson, senior, marched down South street to our ship. When the dock was reached the sun's upper limb was just dipping behind the Jersey hills, while away in the eastward a glorious rainbow arched the heavens, recalling the sailor's rhyme:

"A rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning;
"A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight."

At the head of the pier, lying stern on to us, with bunting at each one of the topmast heads, was the Rajah, and as we drew close to her the sunset gun on the fort across the river boomed out tidings that the day was done.



LOADED.

"Haul down!" exclaimed a tall, handsome man who was handling the fore signal halyards, and the flags came fluttering to the deck.

"Spread that bunting in the rigging to dry," continued the speaker, who proved to be George Sinclair, chief mate of the Rajah.

I saw him eye each man critically as we tumbled over the rail. Then he sung out for the cook, and the blackest face I have ever seen shot out of the galley door.

"Yes, sah?"

"Tell the captain that the crew have come on board."

"Yes, sah," and he shuffled along the deck and disappeared down the cabin companionway.

A minute later the captain made his appearance.

I disliked the man from the start. He gave me abundant opportunity for a close inspection, but an instants advantage of it was as much as I dared to take, though I am not troubled with many deficiencies in the matter of physical courage. If he had come suddenly upon me as the impersonation of nothing but unredeemed brutality, there would have been no such shrinking as I now confess to, but there was more in his face than mere brutality accounted for. His green, sinister eyes danced under frowning brows. Over a pair of colorless lips flowed a moustache black and glossy which he incessantly caressed. High cheek bones, a thin, prominent nose, and eyebrows that were thickest where they met, were the salient characteristics of his face. He was six feet in height, broad shouldered, and tapered to the waist as big men rarely do. He had the activity of a panther, and he never made a motion that did not suggest all the treachery of a cat lowered for a spring. I was far too young at that time to critically study the characteristics of the captain. He always

impressed me as being, and I now believe him to have been, a man whose natural instincts led him in directions usually avoided. To say that he had a positive thirst for human blood would, to some extent, be a figurative description, but that he took an absolute delight in torturing his species was on many occasions proved. The necessities of his situation compelled him to have some regard for life itself, but he was governed only by these necessities, and sometimes not by even them. He seemed to be galled by nothing quite so much as having to leave his victim on this side of the grave.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE RAJAH.

My momentary scrutiny of the captain was interrupted by old Timson, who smirked and gave an awkward tug at his hat brim as he handed his documents to the skipper, and the act suggested that he had either solved the mysteries of the forecastle himself, or had acquired the nautical touch from long association with Jack on shore.

The captain scowled at Timson as he took the papers, stepped to the break of the poop, swept his eyes

"HE HANDED HIS DOCUMENTS TO THE SKIPPER."

over the group of men, shot a furtive glance at the second mate who was slacking some of the running rigging that had been tightened by the rain, and indulged in an additional scowl manifestly intended for the entire ship's company individually and collectively. As the skipper's eyes fell athwart each one the men shifted uneasily evading his glance. In the man before them the crew recognized the tyrant whose ceded right it was to hound them for long months to come; whose every petty spite and ill-humor they were bound to feel. They had signed away their liberty to him—he was the master, they the slaves.

Meanwhile a tug had come alongside, and now the captain issued the first orders:

"Dump your traps in the forecastle, and stand by; Mr. Sinclair!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Single up your lines, and you, Mr. Doyle, get the hawser from the tug and make it fast. One man to the wheel."

A few minutes later we slid out into the East River, and with the little harbor bantam puffing and strutting ahead we rounded the Battery and ran over to the Jersey Flats.

"See your port chain clear for running," called the captain. Shortly after this the tug slackened speed, then stopped, and her captain tooted to us to cast off his line and drop our mud hook.

"Let go your port anchor," came from the quarter-

deck. "Mr. Doyle, drop your lead over and see what water you get?" The second mate got his sounding and reported "five fathoms."

"Give her fifteen fathoms of chain, Mr. Sinclair, and put the riding light in the rigging." The captain then went below, and that was the last we saw of him that night.

A "HARBOR BANTAM."

We found the forecastle to be half of a square house that was built on the deck. It was a little more than six feet high, ten feet long, and say five feet wide between the berths. There was a row of bunks running thwartships in the forward part, and a double tier of them on each side extending fore and aft. Being all above deck it was light and airy—light enough in fact for me to observe that the bunk boards were of soft pine and very promising in the way of bedfellows.

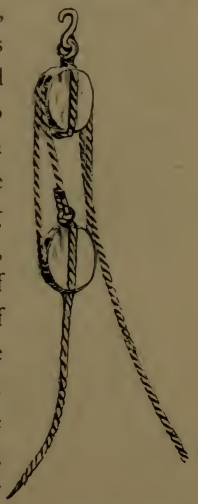
The cook's galley was separated from the forecastle by a bulkhead, which had shrunken evidently from the heat of "doctor's" stove. Several narrow openings showed where the boards had once joined, and through them now came the odor of the promised supper.

It did not take me long to stow my few sailor togs,

THE "DOCTOR."

and just as I finished laying the ground tier of my bunk with a slab-like article purchased in South street, and called by courtesy a mattress, there came a volley of poundings from the cook's side of the house, accompanied with the order—"sen' in hyar fo' de grub!"

I promptly responded to the summons, for in addition to playing "handy-billy" to the crew, and acting as chambermaid of the forecastle, it was my duty to carry the men's meals in to them, wash the dishes, and return them to the galley. The cook passed me a big dripping pan filled with salt beef hash, brown and inviting, several loaves of bread, some raw sugar, and a pan of treacle—the latter was for making the bread palatable in the absence of butter. I made a second journey for the coffee pot and mugs, lit the swinging lantern, then indicated four places on the floor with a like number of tin plates and cups.



"HANDY-BILLY."

"Put down your own plate, too, boy, and we'll see how yer can behave 'round the mess kit," said one of the seamen who was watching my operations.

"Luck out thot yees always wait till yer betters is helped, ond then ye'll be welcome to thor lavings," said another.

As in fancy I see again the Rajah's forecastle, and the crew sitting around on the lids of the lockers outside the lower berths, with supper spread out on the deck at their feet, and the smoky lamp throwing a sombre light through the little place in which we were to spend months together, let me tell you something about the men who were my messmates on that summer evening long ago.

"THE EXCEPTION."

I have stated that there were five forecastle hands all told—four seamen and myself—and I doubt if there was, with but one exception, anything to attract particular attention to us as individuals. The exception was seated on the forward locker, with a tin plate resting on his knees, a great hunk of bread which he had torn from one of the loaves

grasped in his hard, tar-stained hand, while a tin cup of steaming coffee occupied a place on the seat beside him. He had signed the name of John Winter on the shipping master's roll. In height he was something over six feet, with an extraordinary spread between the shoulders, long, sinewy arms, a chest and neck massive as a Sampson's, and, crowning all, a well shaped head with a profusion of heavy black curls. A face that otherwise would have been handsome was disfigured by a long, deep scar extending from between his eyes diagonally across his right cheek, and ending on his neck beneath the ear; and now as he sits where the lantern has full play upon his face, it shows up a savage red even against the leather colored skin. I never learned the story of that scar, but that it was associated with some terrible history in the man's life I have never doubted—in fact he once hinted as much, but that was all.

BURNS.

The next most interesting character in the group was a little, wiry, red-headed Irishman by the name of Burns, with a brogue as broad as a newly arrived alderman at Castle Garden. The redeeming feature of

his homely face were a pair of kindly twinkling blue eyes. He was a fair seaman, of a naturally jolly disposition, and on a different kind of a ship would have kept the forecastle hands cheerful and willing from the contagion of his good humor and animal spirits. The remaining seamen were mild-faced, mild-mannered Dutchmen (in fact they were German, but Jack calls anyone "Dutch" who says *yah* for yes). They had deserted their last ship in anticipation of exchanging the former daily fodder of sauerkraut and pickled herring for the "living" of an American vessel, and the few stivers per month for wages that with the exercise of their characteristic husbandry would in a few voyages permit them to return to the Fatherland financially prosperous. It was easy to see what they were to oneanother. They had the same yellowish hair, soft blue eyes, and a dozen other points of physical resemblance which testified their close relationship. They sat side by side eating in silence except when one would once in a while address a few words to the other in the mother tongue, and the

THE GERMAN CONTINGENT.

"'SIT DOWN, YO' BOY; DON' STAN' UP ON 'COUNT O' ME.'"

brother would as softly answer. As to myself, the reader will be well enough acquainted with me before the story closes, if he follows it with any degree of interest, so that the ceremony of further introduction may profitably be dispensed with. Supper over, the men were numbered for the anchor watches by the mate, after which they produced their never-failing plug and pipe. Chipping off a few pieces of tobacco, they crumbled it in their palms, and packed it into the black bowl. A light from the forecastle lantern, then they stepped out on deck one after another, and I could see the fire in their pipes like glow worms flitting about as I gathered up the messkit and made things tidy.

Shortly after I received a visit from the cook. He seated himself on one of the locker lids, and pointing to its neighbor opposite, said:

"Sit down, yo' boy; don' stan' up on 'count o' me; wha's yo' name?"

I told him,

"Look hyar, boy Harry, yo' bin ter sea 'fore?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Den yo' know 'f yo' like 'manavalins?'"

I confessed to a weakness for the scourings of the cabin

"BOY HARRY."

table, and then the cook and I entered into a solemn and binding contract, whereby I agreed to chop his kindling wood and help him in the galley during my watch below, and for reward was to receive the sundry bits of pie, cake, and other providence tempting sea concoctions which were cooked specially for the officer's mess.

"MANAVALINS."

The men were still on deck when I turned in, and the last I remember of my first night on board the Rajah, was the sound of a concertina on some vessel near us, breathing softly, Annie Laurie.

CHAPTER II.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

AT HALF past four the next morning a furious pounding at the forecastle door, with the cry of "all hands," brought us quickly out of our bunks. I went to the galley and got our allowance of black coffee and sea biscuit. A few minutes later we were turned to straightening up the decks, stowing fenders below, and breaking open and passing to the cook a lot of ship's stores that had been piled up in boxes and barrels amidships.

After the decks had been cleared the pumps were worked, then the vessel was washed down fore and aft. This occupied us until breakfast. After it had been disposed of the men got the small boat off the forward house, low-

A MORNING CALL.

ered it into the water, and let it drop astern by the painter.

I had just about whipped things into shape in the forecastle when the athletic figure of the mate darkened the doorway. As I looked up at him he greeted me with a kindly smile.

"Getting along all right, my boy?"

I answered in the affirmative, and while he questioned me about my last ship, and the progress I had made in my nautical studies, I had an opportunity for a study of his face. It was frank and open in expression, but the well drawn lines about the mouth were clearly indicative of sturdiness of purpose and unusual determination. He was almost as tall as Winter, but he lacked the latter's massive build and brawn; yet he was finely moulded, and probably in an emergency, could easily have held his own against men of more ponderous physique. He was evidently about five and twenty years of age, with bright gray eyes, a straight, well-

GEORGE SINCLAIR, CHIEF MATE.

shaped nose, a dark moustache, and a wealth of chestnut hair showing a tendency to curl. His skin was browned and hardened from exposure to tropical suns and the gales of wind that he had looked into, and to my boyish fancy he seemed the *beau ideal* of all that was noble and manly.

Mr. Sinclair told me to jump into the boat that had been lowered and bale it out, for having been lying on the house exposed to the sun for some time, the seams had opened sufficiently to permit leaking. After performing my task I regained the deck by going up hand over hand on the painter. I found the men engaged in bending the gaff topsails, and making everything secure for sea. When I reported to the mate he told me where to find the oars and rudder belonging to the boat and ordered me to pass them into her.

Just at this time Captain Herring came on deck. In the one glance I stole at him I saw that his eyes were bloodshot and bulging as the evidences of excessive drinking. As I passed him with the oars on my shoulder, he stopped me, and his voice would have insured close competition with a fog horn.

"Can you pull an oar?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Then haul the boat alongside and stay in it."

Unbending the painter from the ring bolt on the quarter, I carried it around on the starboard side, and hauled the boat up just abaft the main channels. A moment later the second mate dropped the steps over

the side. After Captain Herring had taken his place in the stern sheets, the painter was cast off; I got out my oars, and the captain headed the boat for the Jersey side. I took care to pull an even stroke, and feather my blades, and after watching me for a few minutes the skipper actually condescended to notice it.

"I TOOK CARE TO PULL AN EVEN STROKE"

"Where did you learn to row?" he growled.

"On my last ship, sir," I answered.

"Damn pity yer had'nt stayed there," I was favored with, and in the light of subsequent events I had occasion to heartily concur.

That was the last remark he made until we reached the landing, when he again saluted me.

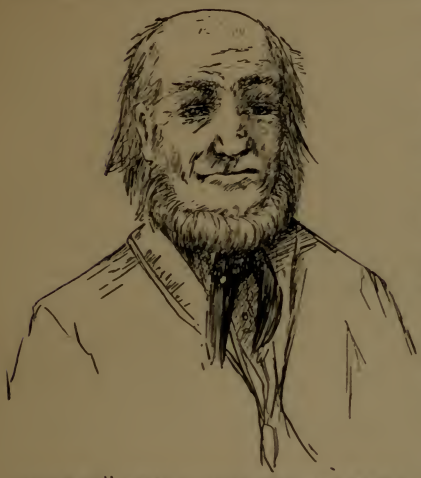
"Look around and see if you can find this place again? Sharp now! Well, dern yer, why don't yer answer, yer stupid swab?" he cried, as I paused just a moment to get my bearings.

I lost no time in answering him that I could.

"Get back aboard now, and come ashore for me at two o'clock, and if yer keep me waiting I'll twig yer ears, understand?"

A peculiarity of the captain's was that his pronunciation and grammar were as versatile as his passions. He would begin a sentence with some apparent regard

for the English language, but before he had spoken a dozen words the sound of his own voice would seem to awaken the sourness that was a distinctive characteristic of his nature, and then articulation would be attended by a rhetorical display infinitely more forcible than beautiful.



"DICKIE" DOYLE, THE SECOND MATE.

I threw the painter to the second mate when I got alongside, and after securing my oars I climbed on board.

Mr. Doyle, the second officer, or "dickie," as the crew always refer to that personage between themselves, was an old man, short and dumpy, with a bald crown, surrounded by a few straggling gray hairs, watery blue eyes, a large nose, with a huge wart decorating its port side, a furrowed, weather-beaten face, and a roll of yellowish whiskers under his chin, which looked as if they had been trying to escape from beneath the collar of his flannel shirt and had been caught helplessly in the attempt. But one needed to see him in locomotion to make the picture complete. He was painfully bowlegged, and

as he waddled along the deck his lower limbs suggested an animated parenthesis. Yet he was a kindly old man and a thorough seaman. I learned afterward that he was entitled to the distinction of being the only officer who had ever sailed a second voyage with Captain Herring.

I found enough to keep me busy until three bells were struck, when I reported to the mate, dropped into the boat, and pulled ashore to the landing I had made in the morning, arriving there considerably ahead of the time appointed. I was resolved that at any rate the captain should have no real cause for finding fault with me. There was no one there, however, and I had ample leisure for indulging in speculation over the coming voyage.

It was very deserted all about me where I had made the boat fast alongside the dock, with nothing to break the silence but the liquid tinkling of the water as it rippled against the spiles, and the drowsy buzzing of a swarm of flies congregated about a number of old sugar hogsheads overhead. Slowly these sounds became fainter, and ceased. Suddenly I was at sea, and the

SWEETS.

schooner was rolling and pitching in a storm. Captain Herring shouted something incomprehensible at me, then seized me by the shoulders while he shrieked, "overboard with you!" I clutched his clothes to save myself, and—awoke to find that I was standing in the boat holding tenaciously to a fat, good natured looking man rigged in a blue cloth suit, who was laughing while he disengaged my hands from his coat.

"Been dreaming, youngster?" he said.

I drew my hands across my eyes in a confused sort of way as if trying to get my bearings, when he said:

"I'm the pilot, and am ter meet Cap'n Herring here. I hailed yer but, yer didn't answer, so I climbed down inter the boat and spoke to yer, and up yer jumped, and I grabbed yer and sung out to be careful or you'd go overboard; then yer come up into the wind," and the old fellow's stout sides shook once more.

THE PILOT'S TIMEPIECE.

I asked him the time. Hauling out a moderate sized town clock he said that he made it half past three, and that the captain had need to

hurry if he wanted the benefit of the tide. He next filled and lit a pipe as ungainly in girth as himself. After several loud smacks he started a miniature Vesuvius, then settled himself comfortably in the after part of the boat, facing me. Presently he spoke:

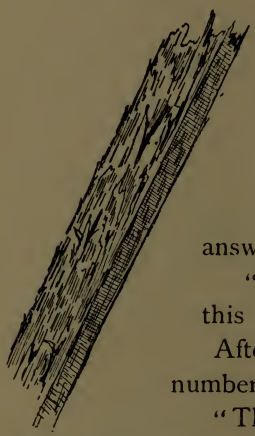
"How long yer (puff) bin ter sea, (puff) youngster?"

I told him it was my second voyage.

"Um (puff) known Cap'n Herring before?"

I answered in the negative.

"Um (puff-puff) thought so."



THE PILOT'S SUGGESTION.

Here there was silence for a few minutes and the pilot pulled ahead at his pipe with increased energy; then he slowed down and continued:

"Boy!"

"I'm listening to you, sir," I answered.

"Boy, there be cur'us critters in this world."

After this revelation he indulged in a number of quick smacks, and proceeded:

"There be men what be so derned cross grained that you'd think they'd bin slidin' down a hemlock plank again the run of the wood ever sence they was born."

Another silence.

"Boy!"

"Yes, sir?"

"BOY, THERE BE CUR'US CRITTERS IN THIS WORLD."

"Yer may run afoul of this kind of a critter some day, and if yer do, jest recomember that the good will of a dog is better'n his bite, and do yer level best ter git along even if it be derned tough sometimes, and no matter what yer told ter do, jump quick, and if yer git a bit o' tongue sass once nor while, think of it as spilled wind what can't do no harm."

The old fellow was quite exhausted when he had finished, and while he was regaining breath, his pipe went out. After a vain search through his pockets for a match, he enquired if I had one, and I may have been unjust, but I imagined that he betrayed no evidences of disappointment when I answered to the contrary—there was a saloon at the head of the dock and the weather was very warm.

BOXING THE COMPASS.

"Never mind, youngster," he said as he climbed up the side of the pier; "I'll take a turn up the street, and buy some, and maybe I'll see the cap'n, but if he fetches here ahead of me, jest wait a bit, for I wont be longer than it 'ill take ye ter box the compass."

It was evident from the manner in which the pilot had spoken that he had

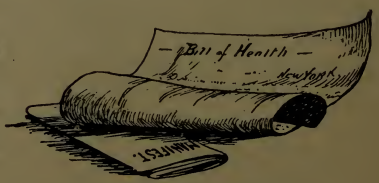
the Rajah's captain in mind when he suggested to me a plan of action in the event of meeting with "cur'us critters."

An hour passed, then the captain and pilot came down the dock together. That the former had been drinking deeply was apparent from his thick speech and unsteady gait. I was mighty glad that the pilot was there to help the skipper into the boat while I held it in steady against the spiles. I pushed off from the dock, and having the tide in my favor was soon alongside the Rajah.

There was not a breath of air stirring when I heard the pilot advise the captain to lay at anchor for the night and get underway early the next morning so as to benefit by the first of the ebb tide.

To this the captain hiccoughed some unintelligible reply—he was muddled with drink, and I doubt if he took in the sense of the pilot's remarks.

Coming off in the boat the captain had kept continually dropping the clearance papers which he carried, until the pilot had taken them in charge. As the skipper tumbled down the cabin stairs, the pilot went up to the mate.



CLEARANCE PAPERS.

"You'd better take care o' these docoments, mate, and I think it best ter

lay where yer be for the night, for there aint a catspaw o' breeze, and the tide 'ill turn shortly.

"Right you are, pilot," answered the mate; "there's no good of heaving up anchor for the sake of dropping it again. You'll stay aboard?"

"You don't think I'll go ashore for the prev-a-lege of buying my meals when I can live on your owners for nothin', do ye?" and he squinted at the mate and chuckled good humoredly as he filled his pipe.

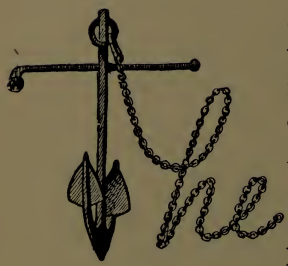
Another useless hunt through his pockets—finally he got a light from the galley fire.

I wanted to ask him about the box of matches he had consumed an hour's time in purchasing, but refrained.

The boat was hoisted in and lashed. Shortly after this four bells were struck, and when we knocked off for supper, the Rajah was ready for sea.

CHAPTER III.

DOWN TO THE SEA.



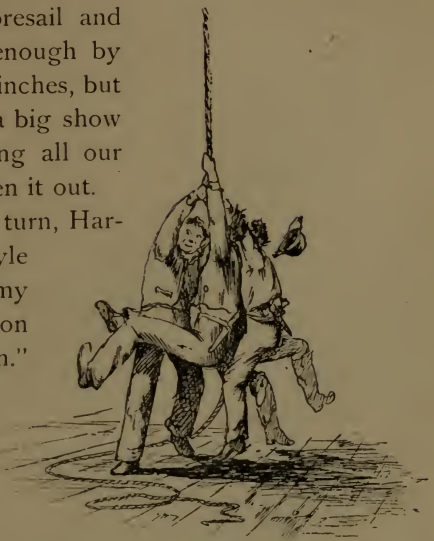
STARS were still shining when the second mate's hoarse voice resounded through the forecastle calling, "Do you hear the news? All hands up anchor!"

Away in the eastward there were a few faint streaks, the herald of the coming morn, and by the time that we had hove short on the chain, and cast the sails loose for hoisting, they had broadened and deepened into a crimson glow all along the horizon. The tide had just turned ebb, while a fresh breeze was blowing from the cardinal point where the sun was rising, and the Rajah quartered to her anchor with her head up stream.

The captain was not to be seen, and the mate got the vessel underway. He stood at the wheel calling out his orders, and the second officer, in charge of the men, saw that they were executed.

We got the foresail and mainsail up easy enough by aid of the mast winches, but the spanker made a big show of canvas, requiring all our "beef" to straighten it out.

"Hold a good turn, Harry," said Mr. Doyle to me, "and now my bullies, swig off on her and lift the boom."



"BEEF."

With three good men added to Winter's great strength and bulk, something had to come, and a few minutes later the throat and peak were sweated as flat as the jigs could make them. After casting off the gaskets of the head sails, and seeing the downhauls clear for hoisting, we manned the weighing capstan under the topgallant forecastle deck. The schooner had such a great rise forward that the headroom under this deck was sufficient for even Winter to stand erect, and afforded an opportunity for raising the anchor by the capstan, in navy style, instead of weighing by a windlass.

"Do you know 'Old Stormy?'" asked Winter of me as I laid hold of the bar next to him.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then let's have it, lad, and we'll splice into the chorus."

So I broke out in a shrill treble and reeled off the words of that old Western ocean song as we circled round the capstan:

"Old Stormy, he is dead and gone,
Storm along, boys, Stormy;
I dug his grave, it was eight feet long,
Storm along, boys, Stormy!"

At the conclusion of each verse the crew joined in the chorus with hurricane notes, and the second mate took occasion, when the pauls ceased to clink, to exhort us to "heave and raise the dead."

"RAISING THE DEAD."

We hove away quickly for a minute so as to lift the anchor well clear of the bottom, then ran up the jibs, flattening the sheets down to starboard, while the mate put the helm up, eased off the spanker sheet, and the Rajah's head paid off inshore.

"Gather in the spanker sheet, a couple of hands," called out Mr. Sinclair, as the vessel came around to jibe. When the booms had gone over, we started all sheets, then catted the anchor.

"Set your topsails," was the next order. After they had been loosed, and the sheets hooked on, we sheeted them home, then mastheaded them, while the hand in the crosstrees hove the tack line down on deck to windward.

THE SCHOONER RAJAH.

With this plain canvas on her the Rajah laid down easy to her work, running through the smooth water with surprising quickness, and leaving a crackling wake astern.

The Rajah was one of the largest schooners built at this time, measuring over six hundred tons. She was very lofty, and though finished plainly about the decks, everything denoted great strength. She was clipper built, the black gloss with which her sides were coated exhibiting her lines in all their perfection. A narrow yellow ribbon was painted in the groove on the outside of the covering boards, the former decorated with an arrow head where it begun under the bows, and finished off with feather points where it ended on the quarter, and bows on the vessel was a picture calculated

to warm the cockles of a sailor's heart, with her polished tapering spars, and the gilded figurehead of a Hindoo prince reaching out under the bowsprit.

Mr. Sinclair now called Winter to take the wheel, and gave the vessel into the pilot's charge.

By the time that Fort Lafayette was abeam, the cook told the mate he was ready for us.

"Get breakfast, a couple of you, and then relieve the others," ordered the mate.

When I next went on deck we were running out through the Swash Channel. Off seawards it was hazy, and there was more weight in the wind; but the Rajah still showed all her canvas, eating to windward over the long ground swells that the royal figure under the bows was making obeisance to.

"JONAH"—A TYPE.

Just as we ran out of the channel, Captain Herring made his appearance. As he met the pilot's eye he asked in a surly way:

"Hav'nt you been able to find a sand bank to stick her on yet?"

"WE CAME UP INTO THE WIND."

"She'd picked out one for herself if you'd been on deck ter 'jonah' her," answered the pilot. Then he chuckled over the thought of his repartee, and I saw the man at the wheel direct a quick glance at the skipper to assure himself that he was not observed, then kinder hug himself with delight.

"How's the wind, Mr. Sinclair?" asked the captain.

"East by north, sir."

"Keep her full and by."

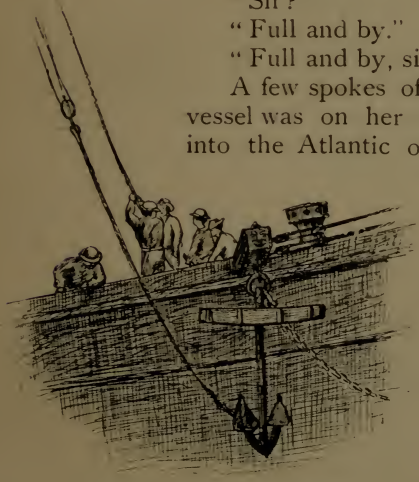
"Aye, aye, sir; wheel there!"

"Sir?"

"Full and by."

"Full and by, sir."

A few spokes of the wheel and the vessel was on her course heading out into the Atlantic on her long voyage. We now fished the port anchor, leaving the starboard one hanging at the cat head until we should be off soundings.



FISHING THE ANCHOR.

Shortly after this a pilot boat that had been in sight for some time coming down on us from windward, rounded too on our weather bow. We came up into the wind, the pilot boat's yawl ran alongside, and the pilot dropped into her, expressing the stereotyped—"wish you a pleasant voyage and good freights."

The Rajah's wheel was then put over, and she filled

away on the port tack and once more was brought to her course. We now fished the starboard anchor and secured it for sea.

At eight bells in the evening the watches were chosen. Winter and Burns were taken into the starboard watch, the two Olsen's and myself in the port watch—the starboard, or captain's, watch remaining on deck, while the port watch went below.

It continued to grow thicker, and shortly after leaving the deck the dismal toot of the fog horn was heard from the topgallant forecastle.

The night shut in leaving the Rajah struggling against a heavy sea, with the scud flying past her in clouds, and the two successive blasts of the fog horn lending an accompaniment to the waves which continually broke under the bows, washing noisily along her sides, until they blended with the tumbling wake astern.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTAIN SHOWS HIS HAND.

TWO days the same weather continued, but on the morning of the third day out, just as we struck the inshore border of the Gulf Stream, the wind died away, and shortly after came out from the south-west, the sky cleared, and we entered on our run across that wonderful ocean river, with sheets well off heading east-south-east on the starboard tack.

It appeared as if the true instincts of the captain's nature had lain dormant until warmed into life by the clear atmosphere and brilliant sunshine.

Finding that I could steer a good trick, Mr. Sinclair had given me the wheel, and started the Dutchmen making a new set of mast coats—at which work they were very clever.

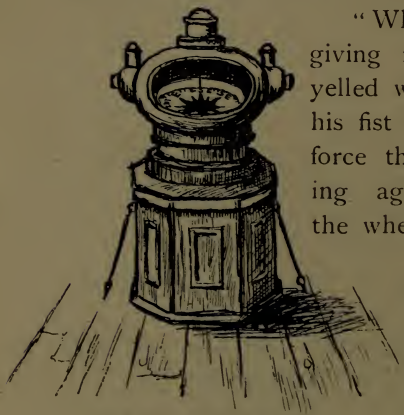
Shortly after two bells Captain Herring came on deck from dinner, and took a position close behind me where he could watch the compass card.

"What's yer course?" he suddenly howled, as a big swell running under the Rajah hove her head off.

"East-south-east, sir," I answered.

"Then why don't yer make it so? Do yer think I'm going ter sail this packet all over the Atlantic like a down-easter looking for whales?"

"The sea swung her off her course, sir," I replied.



"EAST-SOUTH-EAST."

"What do yer mean by giving me back talk?" he yelled with an oath, dashing his fist into my face with a force that sent me staggering against the barrel of the wheel.

A brilliant light flashed across my eyes, followed by a sickening sensation as I felt the warm, salt blood pouring over my lips. I choked down a bitter sob, and drawing my sleeve across my eyes to clear them, I met the Rajah with a few spokes of the wheel, and held her to her course.

"Don't you never give me back wash or I'll skin yer alive!" he muttered. Then he crossed over and sat on the lee rail, where he amused himself by squirting tobacco juice into the white foam that went whirling by. He called for Mr. Sinclair, and the mate came around the house from the foremast where he had been fitting a mast coat.

"Mr. Sinclair," said the captain in a provoking voice, "this is the first time you've sailed with me, and I don't know what kind of vessels you've been used to, but I want you to understand that there'll be no idle bread eaten aboard this packet."

"Well, sir?" replied the mate quietly.

"After this there'll be no watch below for the crew between the morning and dog watches."

"Captain Herring," answered the mate, in a quick, fearless way, "I don't mean to question your authority, sir, but do you stop to think that if your orders are carried out the men will be on deck for sixteen hours at a stretch, and will only get four hours sleep in twenty-four?" He paused for a reply, and receiving none, continued: "Take the afternoon watch from them, if you will, sir, but not more. I've got to work these men, and if proper work is to be got out of them they must have some rest. I've found that it pays in the long run to give a crew their watch below."

"IDLE BREAD."

The captain sprung to his feet, his face livid with rage. "Who's captain of this ship, you or me?"

A flush passed over the mate's face, but he answered calmly, "You are sir."

"Then see that you remember it, or I'll find a way to make yer! Turn the sogers out of that forecastle, and give 'em something to do, or I'll cut out work for you and them too!"

"You needn't find my work, or theirs either; I know my business!" exclaimed the mate hotly.

"Do what I tell you!" screamed the captain.

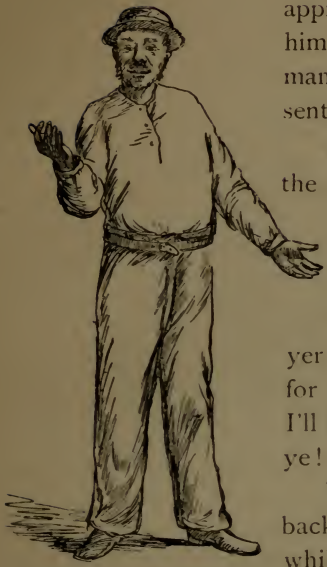
The mate stepped quickly to the forecastle door and ordered out Winter and Burns; next he sent the two Dutchmen aft, and when the crew had ranged themselves along the break of the poop, he said:

"Captain Herring's orders are that there is to be no watch below between the morning and dog watches. If you have anything to complain of, there is the captain."

The two brothers spoke to one another in German, while Winter and Burns exchanged glances without speaking.

"If you havn't anything to say, go forward and"—commenced the mate, when Burns interrupted with: "Oi'd loike ta soy, Cap'n Herring, there's no complaining about being short honded for'ard, tho' it's yerself knows, sor, thot there should be another A. B. in thor fo'castle, but Oi'd loike ta ax ye, respectful loike, sor, as how ye ixpect men to do their wourk without givin' om ony sleeup ot all?"

The balance of the crew remained silent, but by the



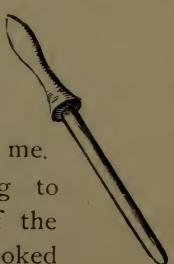
"'OI'D LOIKE TA SOY.'"

approving nods which greeted him it was evident that the Irishman had given expression to the sentiments of his messmates.

As the seaman concluded, the captain snatched a belaying pin from the rail and strode toward the men who fell back as he advanced.

"Get forward out of this, yer scowbunkers! jump now, for if I have ter persuade yer I'll brain every mother's son of ye!" he roared.

The two Dutchmen went back to their work mechanically, while Winter and Burns lingered by the the forecastle door talking in angry whispers to each other. Mr. Sinclair went forward and set them to work, then he came aft and looked into the binnacle. As he raised his head he noticed the blood on my face and hands.



A "PERSUADER."

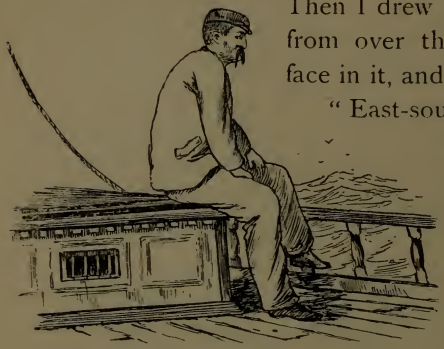
"How did you get that?" he asked me.

I knew the captain was listening to every word as he sat on the edge of the house a few feet away, so I simply looked toward him and made no reply. The mate understood me, for I saw him clinch

his hands while a passionate gleam came into his gray eyes.

"Go forward and wash your face and hands," he said; "I'll keep the wheel for you."

I glanced in the direction of the captain without moving, but the mate pushed me away from the wheel. Then I drew a bucket of water from over the side, bathed my face in it, and went back to him.



"LISTENING TO EVERY WORD."

"East-south-east," said he as I took the spokes in my hands.

"East-south-east, sir," I answered.

Shortly after this Burns relieved me, and when I went forward, Mr. Sinclair set me to work cutting "thrums" for chaffing gear, and kept me busy at odd jobs during the remainder of the afternoon.

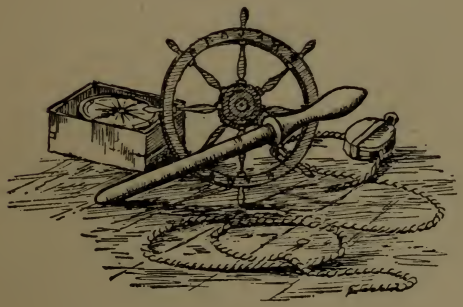
At four o'clock when Mr. Doyle was called, the mate explained to him in a few words what the captain's orders were. The old man shook his head in a disapproving way, but said nothing.

The men worked right along until eight bells, then my watch was privileged to go below until six o'clock, at which time we relieved the starboard watch for two hours, and were then off till midnight. The two dog

"'EAST-SOUTH-EAST,' SAID HE."

watches from four to eight each day would reverse the sleeping hours for the watches each night, but the number of hours below would be the same for all.

Looking back I see clearly that this was the beginning of the end; the dawn of the oppression which was to result in the wreck of the Rajah, and the loss of as good a crew as ever went down to the sea.

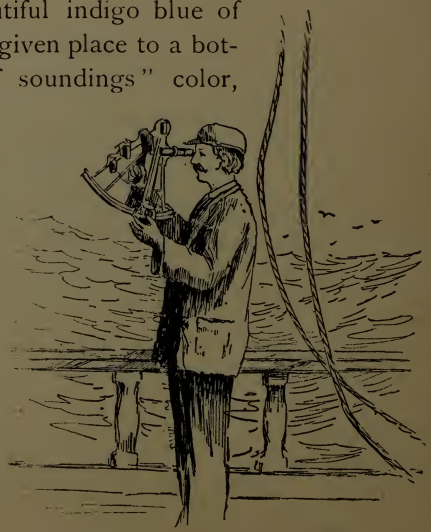


CHAPTER V.

DEATH OF OLSEN.

WE RAN out of the stream during the night, and when morning broke it found us still standing into the east-south-east with the wind in its old quarter. The beautiful indigo blue of the Gulf water had given place to a bottle green, or "off soundings" color, and instead of the confused sea of yesterday we had the long, even swells of the broad Atlantic.

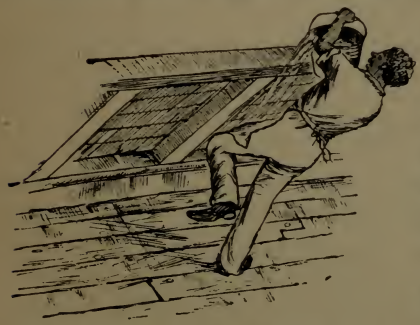
The day passed quietly, for the captain had not come on deck even at meridian, and Mr. Sinclair had taken a shot at the sun at that time for the purpose of ascer-



"SHOOTING THE SUN."

taining the ship's latitude. Mr. Doyle and he divided the watches between them as formerly, the change made for the men not interfering with their regular watch and watch, so that at times I was under the charge of the second mate after Mr. Sinclair had been relieved; but Mr. Doyle was a slow going, good natured old sea dog, and easy to get along with.

It was in the second dog watch. The sun had gone down a few minutes before leaving us a rosy twilight. One of the Olsens was at the wheel, while the other was setting the side lights in the forward rigging. I left the forecastle with an armful of tin plates and pans that had been used at supper, and as I did so the cook emerged from the galley carrying a bucket of refuse.



"THE SCHOONER GAVE A DEEP ROLL."

Just at this moment Captain Herring staggered on deck. He was very drunk. He stood on the deck abaft the cabin house, his legs spread far apart, and his big body swaying to and fro as the vessel rolled.

The cook reached the rail and poised the bucket to empty it. Just then the schooner gave a deep roll to windward, the cook lost his balance, and tumbling back on deck the contents of the pail were spread about him.

"Lay aft here, you black devil! I'll teach yer better'n ter empty yer grease over my decks!" cried the captain.

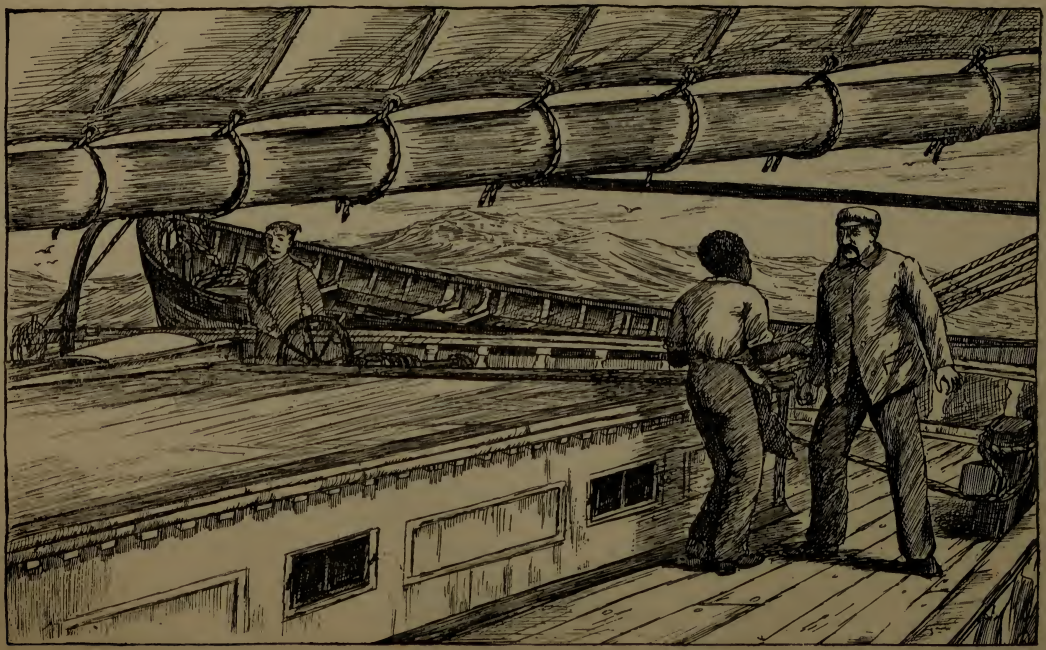
The poor fellow got on his feet, wild with fear, and turned his face aft.

"Fo' God, Cap'n," he begged, "Ah could'nt help it, deed Ah could'nt!"

"Come here when I tell ye, yer son of ebony; lay aft, or I'll break every bone in yer body!" yelled the captain.

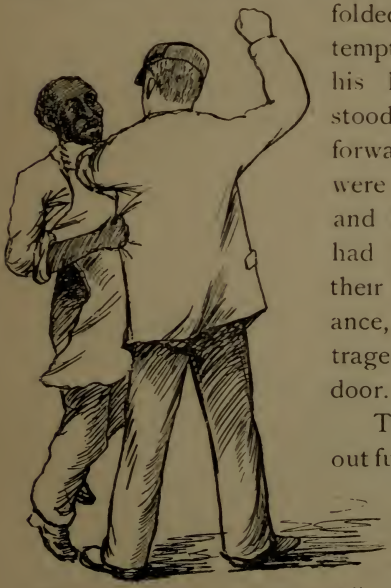
The black's eyes protruded until they looked an abnormal size as he slowly moved toward the master, and we who were forward could see his hands, as they hung by his sides, shake as though he were afflicted with ague.

The shadows were beginning to steal over the ocean, and the crimson sunset clouds of a few moments before were changing to less brilliant hues. The Rajah swept ahead with every stitch of canvas bellied hard and round to the breeze which had freshened since the sun went down. To leeward, maintaining an even race with the schooner, were flitting dark patches on the surface of the water where the sails intervened the western glow. The captain moved his feet nearer together, and his body assumed a crouching attitude, while his neck arched, and his bullet head was thrown back like a snake in the act of striking. His green eyes seemed riveted in their sockets, yet alternately glowed and clouded as he fascinated his victim, who dragged himself aft, despair



"HIS GREEN EYES SEEMED RIVITED IN THEIR SOCKETS."

frozen on his face. The man at the wheel was so absorbed in the picture that his hard, knotty hands were insensible to the gripe of the helm as the ship ran up on him to windward, but the first lift of the vessel aroused his sailor instincts, and he quickly met her with a weather helm, then divided his attention, with eager glances, between his compass and the place where the captain stood. Over on the weather quarter, with arms folded, and a look of contempt showing plainly on his handsome dark face, stood the mate, while from forward, Olsen and myself were witnesses of the scene and the watch below, who had been brought out of their bunks by the disturbance, were observers of the tragedy from the forecastle door.



"HE RAISED HIS RIGHT ARM."

The captain waited without further speech or motion until the cook was before him, then a nervous agitation unlocked his muscles, his head shot forward, and he grasped the poor fellow by the throat, while he raised his right arm.

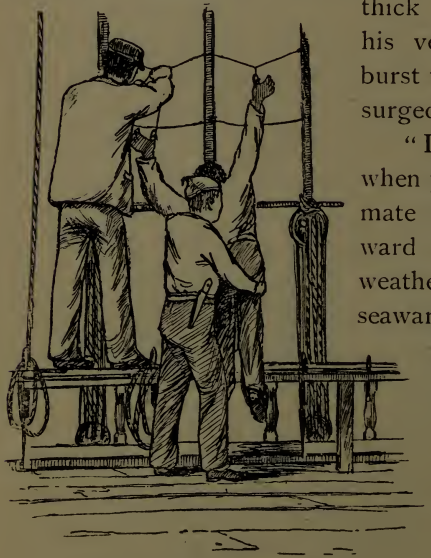
A scream of terror came from the cook; the captain's

fist fell with crushing force upon the negro's face, and he sunk in a heap on the deck. The master turned to the mate.

"Fetch me a couple of rope yarns, you," he said.

"Do your own dirty work, I want nothing to do with it," replied the mate.

"Oh, I'll pluck some of the fine feathers out of you, and before long, too!" answered the captain, his voice thick with passion, and his veins promising to burst with the blood that surged into them.



"HE STOOD ON THE RAIL."

"I'll likely be there when you do it," said the mate as he walked forward and sat on the weather rail looking off seawards with his back resting against the fore swifter.

Looking forward the captain saw the Dutchman watching him.

"Come here," he called.

Olsen went aft with a scared look uncertain as to the master's inclination towards him. He was told to get some rope yarns, and the order was complied with.

"Take a clove hitch around each one of that nigger's thumbs," said the captain.

Olsen obeyed him, the cook making no resistence.

"Now lift him up as high as you can," exclaimed the tyrant with a drunken chuckle; then he stood on the rail by the mizzen lee rigging, and taking the ends of the two rope yarns, he made them fast to the ratlines, and stepped down on deck.

"Let go of him," he said; and the Dutchman lowered the cook gently until the weight of his body straightened the lines.

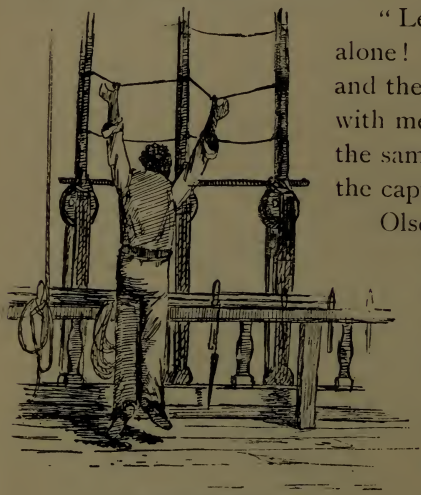
"O, yer need'nt be so particular about letting him down easy," sneered the captain.

The pain of the position soon brought the poor black to his senses. He besought the master in pitiful tones to let him down. Occasionally when the vessel rolled deeply he would swing away from the rigging, then fetch up heavily against it, the hard cords would cut deeper into his thumbs, calling forth wails of agony which had no other visible effect upon the captain than that of delicious enjoyment. Suddenly he caught sight of a marlinspike hanging on one of the belaying pins, left there during the afternoon by one of the men who had been putting on some new ratlines. Taking it up he prodded the negro again and again with the pointed end, until, with a choking cry the cook's head fell back, and I was glad to know that he was afforded even temporary relief from his sufferings.

The mate sprung to his feet, and as he walked quickly aft he pointed to the swaying body in the rigging, exclaiming:

"Cut that man down!"

Olsen had remained near the mizzenmast as if held by the horror of the scene. He now whipped out his sheath knife, and took a step toward the rigging.



"MEDICINE."

"Leave that nigger alone! I'm captain here, and the one who interferes with me will get some of the same medicine!" said the captain savagely.

Olsen hesitated and looked at the mate, undecided as to which order he should obey.

"Cut him down, I'll stand by you!" was the mate's command as he advanced on the master; and reassured, the Dutchman jumped alongside the cook and swept his knife across the rope yarns.

The mate uttered a cry of warning and sprung at the captain, but he was too late. Scarcely had the negro's body touched the deck when Olsen pitched across him felled with the iron spike from behind.

As the seaman went down the mate was upon the captain. Grasping the spike he wrung it from his hand then closed with him.

When Olsen fell his brother let go the wheel and rushed to his side. I was standing in the waist at the time, and the instant I saw the wheel forsaken I ran aft and jammed it hard up, and none too soon, for the booms were quivering, and in a moment more they would have swung across and swept overboard the two infuriated men who were struggling over the quarter deck.

"HARD UP."

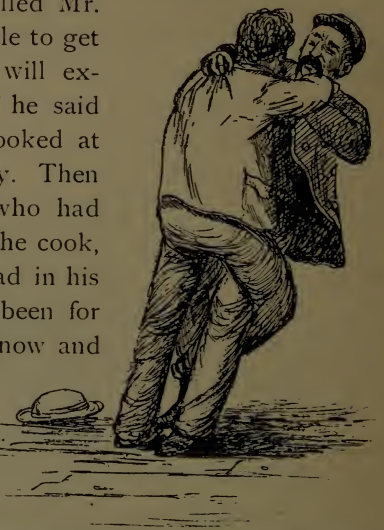
As I caught the spokes I saw Winter and Burns hastening aft. At the same instant the second mate rushed up on deck, awakened by the scuffle over his head. The sight of the two forms in the lee scuppers, and the savage fight going on between the captain and mate, seemed to paralyze him. He stood just in front of the after-companionway dumb and motionless.

Gathering himself for a mighty effort, the mate hurled the captain with frightful force to the deck.

The shock appeared to have stunned him, for he

laid still with his eyes closed where he had fallen. Turning, the mate observed Mr. Doyle surveying him with a look of bewilderment in his dim, blue eyes.

"Here, Winter," called Mr. Sinclair, "help Mr. Doyle to get the captain below—I will explain to you afterward," he said as the second mate looked at him in a questioning way. Then he went up to Olsen, who had pulled his brother off the cook, and was holding his head in his arms, and had it not been for the low moan which now and then escaped the injured man I would have believed that the smashing blow had terminated the sailor's career, so white and cold was he.



THEY STRUGGLED OVER THE DECK.

The mate dropped on his knee beside him and placed his hand upon the back of his head where the trouble was, then drew it away to look at it.

"I wish it had drawn blood—it would have been better for him," he said. Together they lifted the unconscious seaman and carried him into the forecastle.

"Get some cold water and bathe the back of his head," the mate directed, "and I'll be in again shortly."

Then he took a look at the cook who had revived and was being led forward by Burns, asking him as to his condition.

"Ma han's feel berry bad, sah, and ma back do feel berry sore," he answered. His hands were much cut and swollen, and his clothes stained in several places where the cruel iron prod had penetrated his flesh.

Here Mr. Doyle and Winter came out of the cabin, and the latter meeting the mate, stopped and addressed him.

"Mr. Sinclair, I've seen the whole row, and if anything comes of it I want you to know I'm with you."

"All right, Winter," replied the mate, "now take the wheel and send Harry to me."

"'I'M WITH YOU.'"

Mr. Sinclair told me to do what I could for the injured men, and sent Burns on the forecastle to keep a lookout. He then went aside with the second mate and explained the details of the affair. They talked for a long time. When they separated, Mr.

Doyle took charge of the watch, and shortly after the mate entered the forecastle.

"How does he seem?" he asked Olsen.

"Mine brudder does not know anyting already," he answered; then he took the mate's hand in both of his and sobbed out:

"Vill mine brudder got dead? oh! don't toll me dot mine brudder he vill die?"

His voice appeared to disturb the man who had lain so so quiet until now, for tossing his head about he moaned out something in German, then lay still again.

"He ish speaken apout his vife und childer," Olsen explained, and moving to the side of the bunk he smoothed back the yellow hair from his forehead.

OVER THE MOONLIT SEA.

The mate told me that the watch should have gone below before, as it was past two bells, but as

he did not wish to call Olsen, he had fixed the cook up with a generous drink of liquor and ordered him to keep a lookout so as to allow Burns to turn in. He added that I should relieve the wheel for the present, and that he would take it from me for a spell later on.

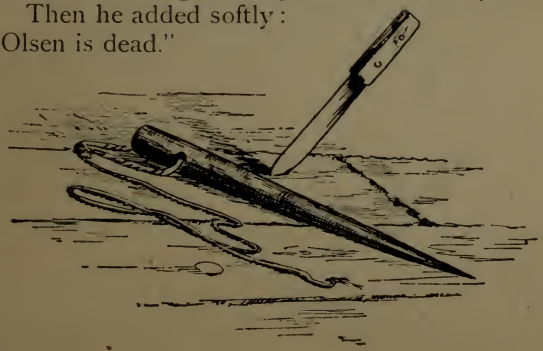
What a lovely night it was!

The moon threw a broad belt of light across the waters, and the symmetry of the Rajah's rigging was silhouetted against the starry sky beyond. Over the moonlit billows sped the staunch vessel, dipping gracefully and rising proudly, while her sharp bows cutting the seas would send them swirling on either side in hissing masses of snow-white foam.

I was worn out by the long day spent on deck, as well as by the excitement of the scenes I had witnessed. Several times I caught myself nodding at the compass card as it rocked slowly up and down under the binnacle lamp. It was about six bells when the mate came aft. He placed his hand upon my shoulder in a kindly way as he said:

"I'll take the wheel now, Harry; lie down on the deck beside me and get a nap, and if I want you I will call." Then he added softly:

"Olsen is dead."

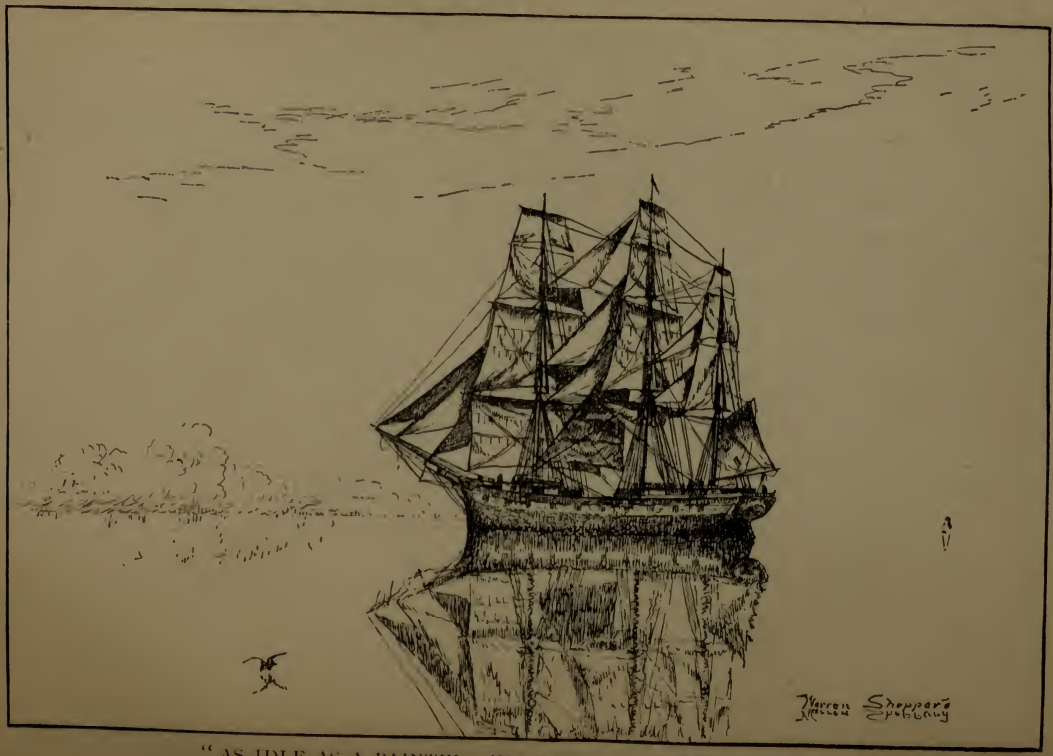


CHAPTER VI.

"WHEN THE SEA SHALL GIVE UP HER DEAD."

THE WIND died away during the mid watch, and when the sun sailed up out of the horizon it looked down upon the Rajah in a dead calm. What little sea had been running the night before was all gone. An occasional swell rolled sluggishly from the south-west, lifting the vessel on its bosom, then dropping her as it continued its way toward the opposite point of the compass, rattling the reef nettles against the canvas, and making the jaws of the booms creak and groan as they swung to and fro with the roll of the ship. The smoke that came from the galley pipe went up straight as high as the topmast head, then floated gently away toward the north-east, telling us that aloft there yet remained a remnant of our old breeze.

Off on our starboard beam lay a full rigged ship, her sails as listless as our own. The sea reflected the



"AS IDLE AS A PAINTED SHIP UPON A PAINTED OCEAN."

image of the vessel as though she was resting upon a great looking glass, and I thought of the lines—

"*As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.*"

The painted ports and single topsails gave a man o' war look to the fabric, which was dispelled by a sight of the deck-houses showing above the bulwarks. She was a lump of a vessel, though probably of no greater tonnage than the Rajah, and I heard Winter say that he would bet a plug of tobacco that she was "a 'Dago,' from some Mediterranean port, loaded with macaroni, smell, and cockroaches."

HIS WATCH BELOW.

During the morning watch we had, without disturbing Olsen, taken the body of his brother out on deck. The mate had secured some canvas from the lazarette, and all that was mortal of our former shipmate was sewed up in the cotton shroud. The remains rested on the fore hatch, covered with the ship's ensign. The crew washed down the decks, and when they spoke to one another they did so in whispers, and there was no fierce swashing of the water, the men doing their work softly, as if fearful of disturbing the man whose last voyage was at an end.

The mate went forward and awoke Olsen, who came out on deck in a dazed way, then suddenly remembering the trouble resting upon him, he stepped quickly back

into the forecastle, leaned over his brother's berth, recoiled with a bitter cry, and rushed out on deck. He called for his brother in broken English, and the mate pointed to the hatch. The poor fellow drew the flag far enough away to disclose the form it covered, then sat down on the combing and gave way to his grief.

After a time the mate sent him to the wheel. Frequently the sailor's gaze wandered forward with a new trouble in it. Once when the mate passed him he signified that he wished to speak.

"What is it, Olsen?" Mr. Sinclair asked.

"Meester Sinclair, mine brudder vood not like der mans vot keeled him to say der prayers."

"He is'nt able to pray for his own soul, this morning, Olsen," replied the mate—"I'll look after the burial," he explained, seeing the seaman's puzzled look. A relieved expression came over the Dutchman's face.

As soon as breakfast was over Mr. Doyle bent the colors to the peak signal halyards, and hoisted them half way. Had there been steerageway on the vessel she would have been hove to, but the calm made unnecessary that detail of the funeral ceremony. Then while the ship's bell tolled, the word was passed:

"All hands bury the dead."

When all had assembled the mate opened the seamen's prayer book at the burial service, and Winter and Burns bore the body of the dead sailor into the group and laid it on the deck by the rail.

With uncovered heads the crew stood before the

"THE MATE OPENED THE PRAYER BOOK."

"HE HOISTED THE COLORS HALF WAY."

mate while his deep voice rose and fell with the rythm of the prayer.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out.

"The Lord gave — and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

"Eternal and unchangeable God, by whose wise providence we have been called to witness this instance of mortality, and in whose hand is the life of every human being, enable us to lay to heart the serious lessons which are now addressed to us. Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, set our affections on things above, perform without delay the great work which thou hast given us

to do, live by the faith of the Son of God, and habitually look forward to his second coming. Comfort and support the spirits of those who are tried by this dispensation of Thy providence. Let their hearts be stayed upon Thee. While our minds are tender wilt thou bring the realities of eternity to our view, and may the motives of this scene prepare us for our own departure.

"And when we shall commit the mortal remains of our late shipmate to the bosom of the deep, may we have faith to look beyond these dark waves and contemplate the rising again at the last day, through Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life.

HIS LAST VOYAGE.

"For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to take out of this world the soul of our deceased shipmate, we therefore commit his body to the deep, looking for the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead."

As Mr. Sinclair read the last lines Winter and Burns lifted their former messmate from the deck.

"OLSEN'S SOUL."

One instant the burden was poised above the rail, then as it shot down into the vast depths, and while the sheen of the canvas was yet visible, a Mother Carey's Chicken circled over the spot, then suddenly flew between the group of men by the rail striking Olsen in the face with its wing as it passed. The German broke the silence by a startled cry and drew quickly back covering his face with his hands.

"That's Olsen's soul," said Winter solemnly; "all Mother Carey's Chickens are the souls of dead sailors."

As the mate closed the prayer book and walked aft, the cook muttered.

"De bird he strike um wif his wings; dat a bad sign fo' him."

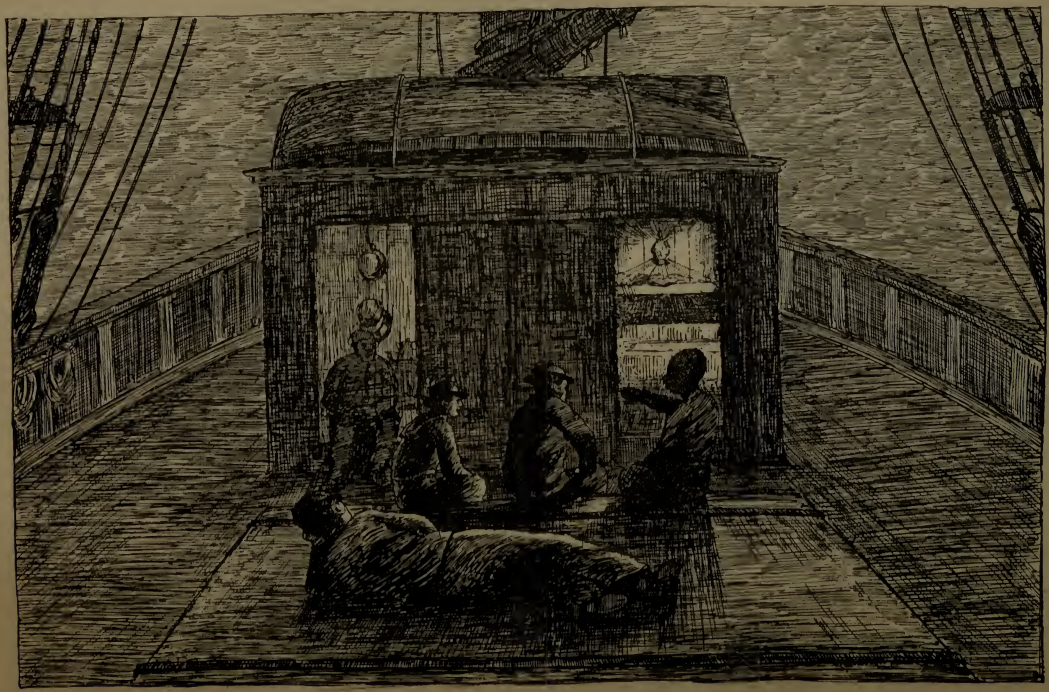
"Turn to," said the second mate.

CHAPTER VII.

A LESSON IN THE BLACK ART.

WAS evening of the day on which Olsen had been buried. The calm still continued, but the barometer had fallen considerably during the afternoon, and from the way in which the vessel had been snugged down it was evident that a blow was expected. The gaff topsails, inner and outer jibs and flying jib had been securely tied up; a double reef had been put in the fore and mainsail, the spanker had been close reefed, and the bonnet taken off of the fore staysail.

When darkness hid the horizon from our view it found the crew gathered together outside the forecastle door, awed by the recollections of the scenes in which they had recently figured, as well as by the uncertainty of the evils to come. The cook formed one of the group. He was relating a yarn to the others, and as he worked himself into a half frenzy with his own story,



"'DIS HYAR SHIP'S GOT DE HOODOO ON HER.'"

his eyes dilated, and rolled from side to side, and his body worked convulsively.

"JIMMY SQUAREFOOT."

"Dis hyar ship's got de hoodoo on her, an' none ob us 'ill eber see de lan' again," he said.

"Phat do yees mane by 'hoodoo,' nagur?" inquired Burns; "is it thot Jimmy Squarefoot hos a towline to thor ould hooker?"

"De 'hoodoo' am a cuss wha' de witches put on enybody, an' de only cure am de charm wha' de witch doctor gib yo' at de full ob de moon ter war' 'roun' yo' nec'. Fo' heaben, Ah gib all ma pay day fo' dat charm now!"

"A cha'm is it? and phat kind of a cha'm do yees use?" asked the seaman, much interested in the cook's superstitions.

"Ah tell yo', Irish. De witch doctor he go in de woods at de full ob de moon, an' he boil some blood in a big iron pot, an' he put in a toad, an' a frog's leg, an' a rabbit's liber, an' de insides ob a fish, an' he stir um all up wif a stic' cut off a dead tree, an' den he hang a snake skin, an' a rabbit's lef' hind foot, an' a fish's bladder, an' a toof ob a cer'tan an'mal on a branch ob de tree wha' he cut de stic', an' he let de steam ob de brof go all ober de charm, an' den he say some 'tic'lar words, an' dance roun' de pot, an' de charm am made."

Casting his eyes around in a suspicious, frightened way, he continued:

"Fo' yea's 'go Ah was on noder kungered ship. De cap'n was jes' such a debil as dis hyar one. Dar was a big crew, an' a lot of off'cers, an' dis nigger am de only one dat was lef' to tell 'bout it. Soon's we git ter sea de cap'n 'menced ter 'buse de men, an' de mates was wusser as de cap'n. One day when dar was blowin a reef topsail breeze, one ob de bes' men in de fo'castle was passin' de reef ear'ng, an' de cap'n he say ter de mate, he say, 'g'lof' dar an' hurry dem sogers 'long,' an' de mate he run 'lof' an' run out on de yard, an' up wif he heaby sea boot, an' kick dis man under de chin, an' de man he jes' let out a yell an' tumble back off de en' ob de yard inter de sea. Den de mate he say, 'hurry up an' get dat sail reef or I kick some more ob yo' damn 'longshoremans off de yard,' an' den

A WITCH DOCTOR.

KICKED OFF THE YARD ARM.

he go down on dec' an' say ter de ole man, 'yer want ter lower a boat, sah?' an de cap'n he say, 'wha' de use? no boat lib in dis sea. Nex' time don' kick de mans ober—it cos' de owners too much.' Well, gen'men, de storm came wurst and wurst, an' fo' long de topmas' an' tergal'n mas' go ober de side, an' de ship she fall off in de troff ob de sea, an' de waves come sweepin' everyting off de dec.' De cap'n he yell to clar 'way de wrec', an' jes den dar come a big mountain sea down on de ship, an' sittin' top ob de wave, right in de foam, wif a blue light all 'roun' him was de dead sailor wha de mate kick off de yard. De mate he see um, an' he scream fo' de Lord ter sabe him, an' den de sea come 'board, an' de mate he try hol' on ter de riggin', but de ghos' sailor he grab um' an' laf, an' say, 'come 'long wif me ter de debil so yo' can't kill mo' sailor mans', den he carry him 'way, an' when Ah cobered ma senses Ah was de only one lef' 'live out ob de whole ship. Ah lash maself in de riggin' an' de nex' day when de storm go 'way noder ship pic' dis nigger up. Dat de truf, gen'men, as Ah say afore, an' dis hyar ship's got de 'hoodoo' on her, an' will be

"DE GHOS' SAILOR."

our coffin; but 'fore Ah die Ah hab veng'nce on de man wha' tie ma body up by de thumbs, an' stab me; yas, gen'men, dis hyar'll do it when de time comes!"

As the negro concluded he whipped a huge galley knife from out the bosom of his shirt, and shook it over his head.

Olsen sprung to his feet, his eyes burning with excitement.

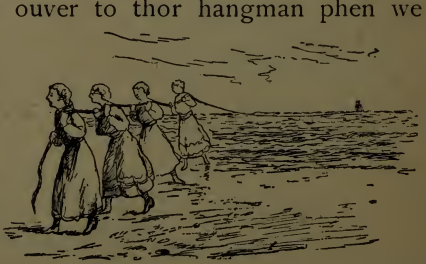
"Ve vill have venge, yah; dot man he kill mine brudder!" he cried, as he struck his hand upon the knife in the strap about his waist.

"What is all that noise forward?" called the mate who was standing aft talking with Mr. Doyle.

"Stow yer gab," muttered Burns to the two men, "ond don't be makin bluddy fools of yerselves. Phat good 'ill it do yees to be talkin' about sticken' a knife in thor skipper's ribs? Sure if thor mate heard yees he'd have thor bracelets on yer ond dump yer doon thor fure hould ter turn ouver to thor hangman phen we reached pourt."

"Yas, if we eber lib ter git dar," said the cook.

"Did de kiptain haf a right to kill mine brudder?" broke in Olsen.



"'THE GIRLS WALKING AWAY WITH THE TOWLINE.'"

"Sure if he wanted to kill us all, Dutchy, could we stop him?" answered

the Irishman. "Yees can all be glad thot yees have a mate phat's willin' ter buck thor skipper for yer instead of takin' a hond agin yer. So there now, put a stopper on yer murderin jaws, ond don't be makin' trouble fur all honds."

Winter had remained a passive listener to the dialogue which had taken place between the three men. He now said gloomily:

"I wouldn't be sorry if the old hooker had her nose pointed for home, and the girls walking away with the towline."

It was in the early morning when the storm broke on the vessel from the north-east, and the Rajah took advantage of the wind's direction, and heading her course, commenced running up the knots in the log book.

"THE STORM BROKE ON THE VESSEL."

For several days we drove to the southward and eastward, only heaving the vessel too once for a few hours, and during all this time Captain Herring remained almost constantly on deck, and strange to record, apparently sober. He held no intercourse whatever with the mate, but when-

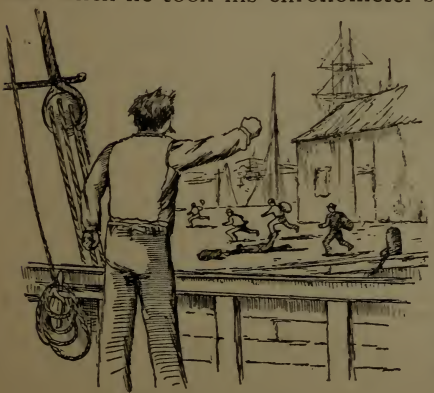
ever he looked at him an awful hate shone in his green eyes.

As we ran our latitude down the storm kept moderating. At about 25° north we slid out of it into the even, steady north-east trades, when we shook every cloth of canvas to the breeze, and went surging down toward the equator.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN AND COOK BEGIN A NEW VOYAGE TOGETHER.

OVER a week the same conditions prevailed, everthing running on smoothly, and the opinion seemed to be gaining force that the death of Olsen had produced a beneficial effect upon the captain. He had not interfered with the men or officers, and beyond getting the second mate to "read time" for him when he took his chronometer sights for longitude, he troubled the deck very little. His orders relating to the watches were still in force, for beyond what had transpired on the day when the mate disarmed the drunken skipper, there had been no question of his



"JUMPING A SHIP."

authority. Once when the men appealed to the mate asking for their regular watch below, he told them that unless the captain's orders were calculated to endanger the ship, they would be enforced by him. This had definitely settled the question, and the crew performed their duties without further complaint to the officers, but it had been decided in the forecastle that the schooner was to be jumped at Rio.

Winter and Burns had just gone off watch after a long, fatiguing day on deck. They sat on the weather rail forward in company with the cook, enjoying a smoke from their friendly pipes before turning in for a nap until eight bells should call them again on deck.

A FRIENDLY SMOKE.

The captain walked the main deck on the weather side, several times passing the men, who, being on their own territory, kept their places as they talked quietly with one another.

Suddenly the master halted.

"Get out of this, damn yer!" he cried. Seizing the cook who happened to be the nearest to him, he swung him violently against the side of the forward house.

"'I'LL KILL YOU AS TRUE AS YOU KILLED THE DUTCHMAN!'"

"I'll teach ye manners!" he said as he threw back his fist as if to strike Winter, who had remained seated on the rail, but who now swung himself off it, fury in his eyes, and the scar across his face showing a livid red.

"Don't you try that on me, Cap'n Herring! A *man* did once, but he never lived to boast of it, and by God! if you lay yer hand on me I'll kill you as true as you killed the Dutchman!"

I believe the captain was a cur at heart despite his magnificent physique, but he was so blinded with passion that he probably did not realize the character of the man with whom he had to deal, or appreciate the peril he was in.

The black stood a few feet from the master, his face distorted and devilish with mingled pain and hate, while his hand was thrust treacherously into his bosom. Burns had jumped to his feet with Winter, and whipped a belaying pin from the rail. Although he had been the one to suppress the men's mutinous talk a few days before, it was easy to see that now when the time had come, he was with his shipmates to sink or swim.

Stealing along the side of the galley house with his sheath knife drawn, came the Dutchman, the thought of his brother's untimely death nerving his arm, and the promise of revenge pumping the naturally sluggish blood strangely quick through his veins.

Down in the lazarette where he had gone for something, was the mate. I leaned away from the wheel and called him.

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Sinclair, come up here or the men will murder the captain!"

He heard me and with a single bound was on the deck. At the same instant the captain stepped back a pace from Winter and drew a revolver from his pocket.

"I'll save the hangman a job, yer mutinous dogs!" he snarled; but quick as had been his action Winter frustrated it. Before he could point the weapon the seaman's hand lurched forward and caught his wrist, while with his free arm he struck the captain a blow that sent him senseless to the deck. As he fell the revolver which he still grasped exploded, and with a yell of agony the negro clutched at his abdomen which the ball had entered.

HE SENT HIM TO THE DECK.

"Take a turn around his arms and legs, boys," said Winter. Then he turned to the mate who came running up.

"What is the meaning of this, Winter?" he asked.

"It means that it's either his life or ours, and we've got as good a right to live as he, even if we don't belong aft," answered the seaman. The men muttered approvingly as they lashed the skipper with no gentle hands.

"Don't you know that this is mutiny, and what the penalty is?" questioned the mate.

"We've been to sea long enough to know what we're doing, but we've been treated worse than cattle by that 'bucco,' and if we're to be killed anyway we'll get some satisfaction out of it."

"Look here, Winter," replied the mate, "this must stop before it goes too far for all of us."

"TAKING GOOD CARE OF THE SKIPPER."

"Mr. Sinclair, we bear you no ill will; you've treated all hands fair enough; but we wont have no interference in this job. We'll obey your orders same as ever, but we'll take good care of the skipper, eh boys?" he said, turning to the two men who had risen and were standing beside him prepared for any hostile move on the the part of the first officer.

"Same soy Oi," spoke up the Irishman; "sure ond Oi'm thinkin' it's a target O'im after shippin' fure."

"He kill mine brudder; now he kill de nigger; pime by all of us got dead," said the Dutchman.

This turned the mate's attention to the cook who laid on the deck a feet away. Bending over him he saw that he was alive but unconscious.

"Get a mattress and lay him on the hatch there, and I'll see what can be done for him," said Mr. Sinclair.

He faced Winter again.

"I trust to you that no further violence will be used toward the captain?"

"Well, sir," replied the seaman, "we'll keep him as he is for the present, and all hands 'ill talk this thing over, and see what's best to be done."

The mate went aft, and the men fetched the cook's mattress and lifted him on it. They placed him on the hatch, where they also dragged the captain, leaving him on his back a few feet away from the wounded negro.

The mate asked me if I had seen anything of Mr. Doyle. I answered that he had not been on deck since the watch was relieved.

"Confound the man," said Mr. Sinclair, "Gabriel's trump wouldn't affect him."

"POUNDED ON THE SECOND MATE'S DOOR."

He went down into the cabin and pounded on the second mate's door, calling to him that he was wanted on deck.

A few minutes after Mr. Sinclair's reappearance the second mate waddled up the after companionway. Thinking that he had been regularly

called to relieve the deck, the old fellow gave a look at the sails, peered into the binnacle to observe the course, then, with a satisfied grunt, leaned his elbows on the top of the cabin house, looking forward; but the evening had come down and the light was too uncertain for him to distinguish anything unusual about the decks.

The mate came aft and spoke to him.

"Doyle," said he, "the captain shot the cook, and the men turned on him; they have got him forward there bound hand and foot."

"Eh! what?" exclaimed the old man; "men turned did they? well you can't hexpect nothink else."

"Between you and me, Doyle, I can't blame them, for if they are to be killed they might as well choose their own way of dying; but the question is what are you and I going to do about this? The men are savage and determined. They have agreed to talk the matter over as soon as you came on deck, so I'll call them aft, but you must let them see that we are firm also as regards the captain's safety."

He sung out for all hands to lay aft, and Burns, Winter, and Olsen obeyed the summons, but the act was attended by one of those little by-plays which would have had no significance for a landsman, although by the two officers who awaited the approach of the men, the implied bravado was fully appreciated.

Burns led the trio aft with Winter sandwiched in between him and Olsen. When the Irishman reached

the break of the poop he started up the weather side with a swagger, but Winter's hand closed on him, and as the seaman swung around in obedience to that resistless guidance, the big sailor said angrily:

"When did yer get so high toned that the lee side ain't good enough for yer? Go down there and let's have no monkey business."

"Men," said the mate, "I believe your only idea has been to defend yourselves in what you have done, and I don't want to use force against you, but Mr. Doyle and I are determined that the captain shall not be ill treated; for you must remember that even if he has inflicted wrongs upon you he is the master of this vessel, and in the eyes of the law his person is sacred, and if you harm him his blood will be upon you."

"NO MONKEY BUSINESS."

"Mr. Sinclair," broke in Winter impatiently, "we aint anxious about the captain's blood, but we are about our own. I can't splice a lot of jaw words together, scrape and tuck the ends and make as good a job of it as you can, but I'll say what I've got ter say in damn few words, which my swearing is no disrespect to you. If that murderer is set free our lives won't be worth a

rope yarn. Me and my mates here will turn to under your orders, if you'll take command, but if it's your idea to let that 'sundowner' loose we'll put him out of the way now!"

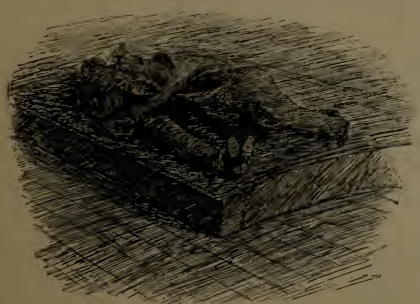
"If I promise to assume charge of the schooner and make as good a case for you as I can when we get to Rio, will you give the captain into my charge?" asked the mate.

"If you'll give your word to keep him safe below, sir, we will; but by God! if you allow him to come on deck we'll finish him once for all!" rejoined Winter.

"Oi, Oi, that be thor talk, mate," said Burns, while the Dutchman was about to shove in his oar, when a cry for help came from forwards, followed by the negro's voice in a savage, exhultant tone:

"De help neber reach yo'; Ah swear Ah kill yo' 'for Ah die, so take dat in yo' brack heart!"

A choking, agonized scream was heard, and when the crew reached the spot, the cook laid across the body of the master, his hand still clutching the knife which he had sunk into the captain's breast.



"HIS HAND STILL CLUTCHED THE KNIFE."

When consciousness returned he must have realized death's hold upon him, and with a

dying thirst for vengeance burning in his veins, he had grasped his knife and crawled upon the captain who lay helpless beside him. Then as the excitement and exertion produced the fatal hemorrhage, he had fallen lifeless across the body of the man who had made the last days of his life so hard and bitter.

Truly the negro had kept his vow. The blade which he had waved so savagely in the air a few nights before had given him his revenge "when the time came."

CHAPTER IX.

LOSS OF THE RAJAH.

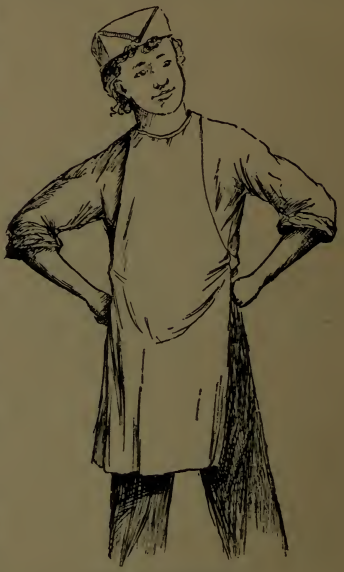
WIND changed into the east, and the Rajah ran off south-east by south on the port tack. The ship's company having been reduced three numbers since we sailed, a new distribution of duties was necessary. Mr. Sinclair ordered me into the galley to do the cooking. Winter and Olsen were taken into his watch, and the second mate and Burns stood watch together—Mr. Doyle being obliged to steer his own trick.

Upon my promotion to the rank of cook I immediately hedged myself about with a dignity sublime; for, instead of hanging around the mess kit like a hungry dog waiting for the well-picked bone, behold! I was the courted nabob of the galley, fawned upon by my former masters, and humbly petitioned by them for culinary favors.

A few selections from the several dialogues held between myself and the crew following my assignment

as *chef* of the harness cask, will serve to illustrate my social and professional ascendency.

BURNS.—' Well, me boy, don't forgit thot it's yer juty ter foind thor lanest pourk ond thor juciest bafe in thor cask fur yer ould messmates. Sure we were faythers to yer in thor fo'castle; so loike a good lod see thot ye put plenty of plums in thor duff, ond don't be spharin' of thor sphuds."



NEW DIGNITY.

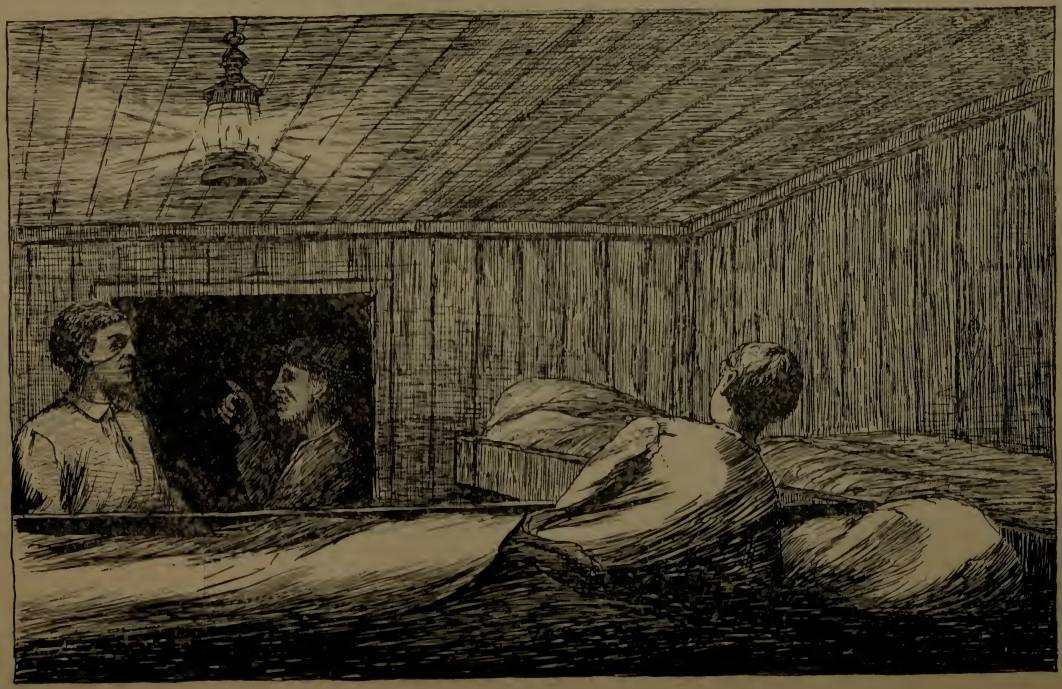
WINTER.—" Since yer got no use now fer 'manav-alins,' cook, suppose yer send 'em in to yer friends?"

OLSEN.—" Cook, I like to spoke to you. You make some dandyfunk und some lobscouse mit blenty of slush, eh?"

All of which I condescended to listen to with a refreshing assumption of boredom, accompanying my reply with an impressive flourish of the hand:

" We'll see about it men, we'll see."

Although my new position released me from all watch duty, yet so accustomed had I become to the deck routine, that the call for the mid watch found me alert.



"'THOT'S A SIGN OF BOD LUCK.'"

As I lay in my bunk recalling all that had befallen the Rajah and her crew, I caught the sound of muffled voices near me, and discovered Winter and Burns in earnest conversation in the doorway. Listening attentively I learnt that they were talking about the two silent figures lying a few feet from them on the hatch covers. Burns was speaking:

"Oi'm fur chuckin' of thor murderin' bastes ouverbourd. Sure did yees moind how thor wind changed phen thor two of 'em doied? Begorra! Oi've sane thor sharks a followin' of thor vessel, ond thot's a sign of bod luck, ond if we don't give thor carcasses to 'em they'll be after a gobblin' wan of us befure thor noight's ouver. Besoides, it's not Oi as wants ter hear prayers read for murderers—thor divil fly away with 'em—so let's clane thor ship while we have thor chonce, ond dump thor two of 'em ouver thor soide."

EXPECTATIONS.

"All right, you drag the nigger over to the lee rail, and I'll take care of the old man," said Winter.

Then followed two faint splashes in quick succes-

sion, and immediately after Winter came into the forecastle and crawled into his bunk.

I fell asleep, and only awoke when one of the men called me to make coffee for the morning watch.

Upon going on deck I found that the wind had hauled into the south-east, and that it was raining heavily. The Rajah had come around on the starboard tack and was heading east by north.

When Mr. Sinclair relieved the second mate in the morning he manifested no displeasure to find that the bodies had disappeared; in fact, I think he was well satisfied that an unpleasant duty had been taken off his hands.

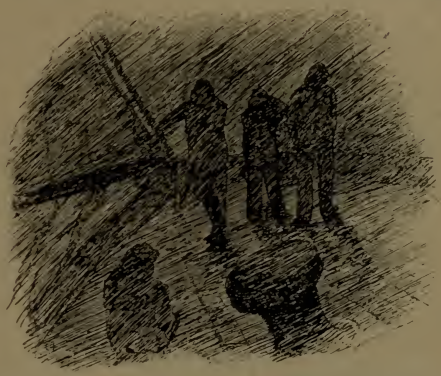
The same heavy weather continued for two days; at the end of that time the mate became uneasy, for latterly the captain had not consulted him in regard to the navigation of the ship, and having been without sights for several days the vessel's position was purely guess work. It was necessary that the Rajah should make sufficient easting before she crossed the equator, so as not to get jammed on a lee shore in reaching for the fairway off Cape St. Roque; but I overheard Mr. Sinclair explain to the second mate that if he did not get an A. M. sight for longitude the next day, he would chance being for enough east, and would come about and run his latitude down until afforded an observation.

The third night after the captain died shut down thicker than ever, with a gale of wind blowing. About nine o'clock, Winter, who was on the forecastle lookout,

hailed the officer of the watch. When his summons was answered the seaman said:

"Mr. Sinclair, two or three times in the last minute I've heard the sound of breaking water."

"Keep silence everyone," said the officer, for all hands had gathered round to learn the meaning of the sailor's call. He listened for a moment without appearing to hear anything, then turned quietly to the second mate and ordered him to get a cast of the lead. At the same time he told me to go below and bring him the binoculars which I would find in his room.



"ALL HANDS HAD GATHERED ROUND."

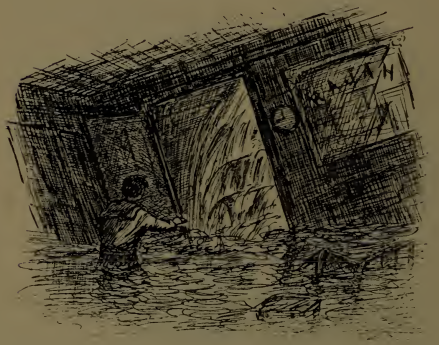
I had secured them, and was half way up the companionway stairs on my return when I heard the order given fiercely:

"Hard down your helm!"

At the same instant there came a terrified cry of warning, and while it yet rang in my ears, the Rajah struck. There was the frightful sound of crashing timbers as the spars went over the side, followed by a sea which boarded the vessel forward and swept her fore

and aft. The force of the collision threw me half stunned to the cabin floor, but the sea that came pouring down the companionway snarling and hissing, dashed over me and brought me to my senses.

When I regained my feet the water was almost waist deep around me, and rising rapidly. Looking up the companionway I could see by the light that was thrown on the after part of the vessel from the binnacle lamp, which, strange to say, still burned, that the seas were tumbling over the stern, and that it was a question of only a few minutes before all below decks would be under water.



"THE WATER WAS ALMOST WAIST DEEP."

To escape by the after companionway was impossible, and the forward one was always closed at night to prevent the light of the cabin from shining out on deck; but I waded to it, and when I struck the first one of the few steps leading to the slide, the water was even with my arm pits. I threw myself against the doors, they burst open, and I pitched out on deck.

It was too dark to see anything about me, but I cried out for my companions. I waited a moment for

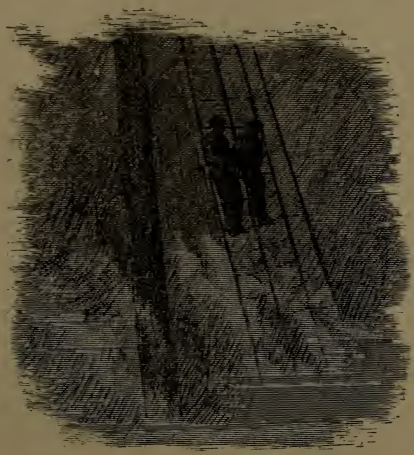
an answer, and then, thank heaven, out of the blackness there came a voice, but full of pain and weakness:

"Can you get to me, Harry? I'm tangled up in the main rigging here to starboard, and can't help myself."

"Aye, aye," I answered. Making my way along the rail I came across a lot of wreckage abreast the main channels, and there wedged in among it, I found Mr. Sinclair crushed and helpless.

I set about to disentangle and cut away the stuff that held him, but it was a long, weary task, and many times before I finished a sea would tumble over the bows, almost smothering us as it struck the mass of rubbish in which we stood, and broke into our faces a blinding cloud of foam.

By this time my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, and I discovered that the mizzen mast was standing, but that the fore and main masts had snapped short off above the deck, and lying over the weather side, with all their hamper, they formed a sort of breakwater for the vessel; but the



WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

heavy spars kept pounding and grinding into her side with a wicked sound, and it seemed wonderful that broken and torn as she was, the Rajah could stand this extra onslaught upon her devoted hull.

Seizing an opportunity I got Mr. Sinclair into the mizzen rigging, and with a short length of running gear made both of us fast to the shrouds.

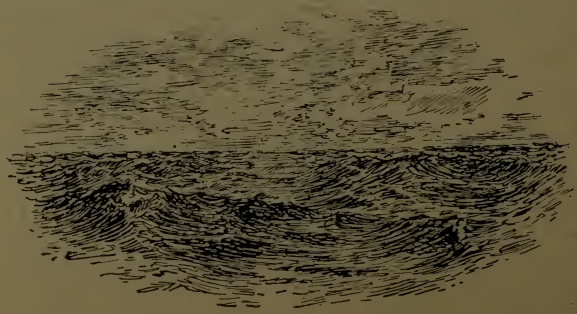
It was impossible to distinguish anything a few feet from the vessel, and all we could do was to wait, if the ship held together so long, for daylight to show us where we were and how to get ashore.

I asked Mr. Sinclair where he was hurt. He told me that one of his arms was broken, and that there was a terrible numbness in his chest where something had struck him.

He suffered awfully during that long night. Once when I spoke to him he did not answer, and by the way his head hung forward, I knew that he was unconscious.

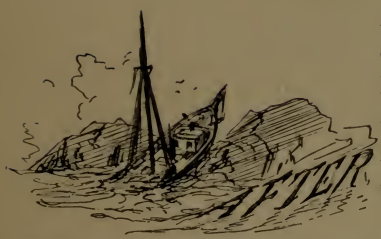
Hour after hour dragged along, and still the noble timbers held; but several times I felt the vessel shudder and slide back a little as a heavier sea than usual bore down upon her.

Would the morning never come?



CHAPTER X.

ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.



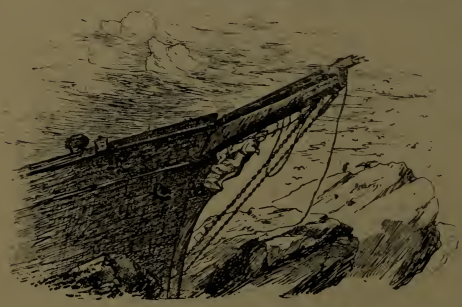
A seeming eternity the darkness thinned out a little, then gradually the daylight came; but the scene it opened up was wierd and desolate.

The schooner rested between two rocks which acted as a cradle and prevented her from settling back and sinking into the deep water that her stern overhung. Her head was high in the air, the deck being inclined at an angle of twenty degrees, while the after part of the ship was buried almost to the mizzenmast. On three sides we were surrounded by rocks of various heights, crowned with whitened, rugged summits, on which thousands of sea birds were clustered. From my position in the rigging I could make out the number and formation of the rocks. There were several small islands bunched together, the most northern one having the highest elevation, and the one on our starboard beam being the largest of the group. Outside of all could be seen half a

dozen jagged rocks, their heads covering and uncovering to the swelling sea. The entire circumference of the cluster was about half a mile.

The Rajah lay with her head about south-east, just as she had pointed at the last moment when under the influence of her lee helm she tried to clear the danger. A reef of rock, ahead of the vessel, lying across the channel between two of the islands, had defended her from the full power of the seas that had rolled up from the south-east. Had it not been for this check, the schooner would have been knocked to pieces long before the morning dawned.

The rain had ceased, and the wind was rapidly going down. Although the sea still broke heavily on the rocks, it did not wash down upon us with anything like the force that we had experienced during the night.



THE HINDOO PRINCE.

We lay in so close that it was an easy matter to drop from the bowsprit end to a neck of rock that ran out from the island directly under the Hindoo prince.

I got Mr. Sinclair down on deck and into the forecastle, which was comparatively dry and comfortable. After cutting away the clothing from his injured arm,

he directed me to bind it up tightly in splints and strips of muslin, and hang it in a sling. Next, attended with great bodily suffering for him, I got his wet clothes off. He moaned several times while I was doing it, and once told me to let him be as he was. After I had laid him on a mattress on the floor, covering him with a dry blanket, which was procured from an upper berth, he seemed more comfortable, and appeared to sleep.

IN THE GALLEY.

The sun had come out bright and cheering after the dark terrible night, and taking heart I went into the galley, straightened it up a bit, and started a fire.

There was a quantity of stores ready to hand, so in a short time I had a light meal prepared, a portion of which I carried into the forecastle. The mate was awake when I entered.

"God bless you, Harry, you are a good, brave boy," he said; "now put something else under my head, then tell me just how we are situated, for I believe that I have known scarcely anything since last night."

While he made a show of eating I described the manner in which the vessel was held. He already knew that out of all the ship's company we were the only ones left. After I had breakfasted, Mr. Sinclair got me to help him outside the forecastle, but when he stood upon his feet the pain in his chest was so great that he asked me to drag the mattress out on deck and let him lie on it. Then he told me to go aloft and describe carefully the appearance and number of the islands, and to observe if any remote land was to be seen. I mounted the mizzen rigging and called to him:

"I can make out four islands close to us, one of them about three times larger than any of the others, and there are a number of rocks just awash; that is all the land in sight; there is no grass nor anything growing, but the islands are covered with birds."

"'HAD'NT WE BETTER THINK ABOUT GETTING ASHORE?'"

He beckoned me to come down. When I was once more beside him he spoke, and I suspicioned from his labored utterance that talking was not indulged in by him without great pain.

"We have struck on St. Paul's Rocks, Harry, about a degree north of the equator, and unless we can get

"'I CAN MAKE OUT FOUR ISLANDS.'"

away ourselves, it will go hard with us, for vessels never come here."

"But had'nt we better think about getting ashore?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "for another blow would break the poor old Rajah into firewood. We must save all the stores we can get at before that time comes."

Suddenly remembering his helpless condition, he moaned out:

"But I can't help you, and what can you do alone?"

"I can do a great deal, Mr. Sinclair, and if you will only keep quiet for a few days and let me nurse you, I'm sure that you will soon be around all right again," I tried to assure him.

He made no reply to this, but lay still with his eyes closed. A moment later he opened them and spoke:

"Where did you get the fresh water from this morning?"

"Out of the breaker in the galley," I answered.

He directed a quick look at the water casks lashed against the forward part of the cabin house, and said excitedly:

"Go see if the bungs are in the barrels?"

After I had complied with his order and turned round to answer, I saw that he had raised his head and was watching me eagerly.

"Yes, sir," I answered, "both bungs are in."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, letting his head fall back upon the pillow.

Then it flashed upon me that the main water tank was in the lazarette, and that the seas were playing five feet above it. The water contained in the deck casks, and the small portion in the cook's breaker, was our whole supply.

THE DECK CASKS.

"But, sir," I asked, "surely there is water ashore?"

"Not a drop, Harry; this place is a desert."

I determined that when a gangway had been made to the rocks the casks would go ashore the first thing.

After rigging an awning to screen the mate from the sun, I left him apparently sleeping. He was exhausted with pain and fatigue. I broke out all the galley stores in order to take an inventory of the amount we had to depend upon. The principal part of the ship's provisions was with the water tank below. However, when I had got out on deck all that could be found, it made quite an imposing array. I calculated that we had, with careful use, enough to keep us for several weeks, and in that time I had hopes that something would turn up to insure our release from the island.

Finding that Mr. Sinclair still slept, I went forward to see what could be done in the way of rigging a means of access to the shore.

There was a space of about three feet between the

foremast and the deck house, and as I went around the latter to go on the forecastle, I saw, jammed into the little space, amid a lot of wreckage, the dead body of Winter, his ghastly face upturned, and his powerful hands locked upon the remnant of the fore stay. The sea which had washed away the others of the crew when the vessel struck, had dashed him crushed and lifeless into the place where he now lay.

As soon as I recovered from the shock of the sudden meeting, I disentangled the rigging from about him, and left him there.

CHAPTER XI.

ALONE.

HOURS later the mate awoke in great pain. He was very feverish, and several times when I spoke to him he answered in a rambling manner. I could not coax him into eating anything, and shortly he again fell asleep.

Having formed my plan for a gangway, I cut off two good pieces of rope of about eight fathoms each, which I got out from among the wrecked cordage, and making one end of them fast on board, I led them over the port side. Crawling along the bowsprit, I lowered myself to the rock by aid of one of the gaskets still hanging to the spar, and hauling my lines taut, I secured them with a number of heavy stones for anchorage, keeping the ropes parallel to one another about three feet apart.

I next got out all the bunk boards in the forecastle, cut them into suitable lengths, and bored auger holes in them at each end. These pieces I seized across my two

GANGWAY TO THE ROCKS.

lines, and when completed I had a rather crude but convenient and safe gang plank to the shore.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when this work was finished, and I determined to bury Winter at once. Leaving the mate still sleeping I went ashore to find a place where I might lay the body of the poor fellow.

I searched the island well over trying to discover some soil wherein to make a grave, but there was nothing but rock to be found, and then I knew his sepulchre, like that of his shipmates, would be the great ocean, which he had so many times traversed, and with whose changing moods his strong arms and brave heart had so often battled.

Going back on board the schooner I rolled him in his blankets and dragged him down the gang plank to the end of the neck of rock that went down abruptly into the sea. I hitched a weight to his feet, offered a short prayer, then pushed his body off into the water, over which the shadows were lengthening, and went back to the ship.

Finding it impossible to get Mr. Sinclair into the forecastle—his every movement being attended with

intense pain—I left the awning over him as a protection against the dew, and after one more ineffectual attempt to have him take some nourishment, I lit the forecastle lantern, and took my station beside him.

I sat through the long night watching every change that came over his manly face, and listening with bated breath to the wild sayings which every now and then fell from his lips. In bitterness of spirit I cried to the Almighty that I might not be forsaken; that He would restore health and vigor to the broken form that was lying at my feet.

The night was well spent, when by the feeble light which the lantern threw upon his face, I saw him open his eyes. He motioned me to raise his head. As I did so a gush of blood came from his mouth.

"My poor boy," he said; "my poor boy."

"HE MOTIONED ME TO RAISE HIS HEAD."

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Sinclair," I sobbed.

He gazed pityingly at me for a moment and continued:

"Be calm, Harry—lay my head down again—and listen—are any of the boats left?"

"'PUT YOUR WHEEL DOWN; THERE ARE ROCKS UNDER THE LEE.'"

"Yes," I answered, "the small boat on the forward house."

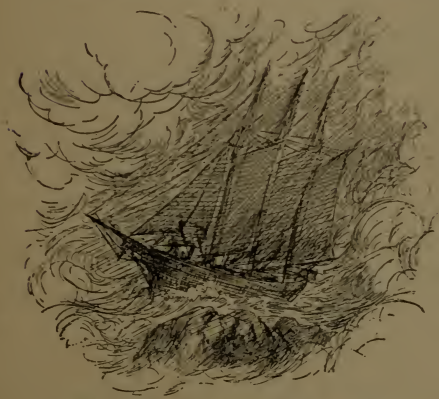
"You must get it launched—stow it with provisions and water—the current here sets to the northward and westward—let the boat take you—it will drift across the track of vessels—it is your only chance—do you understand?"

"Yes," I replied, stunned with the awful weight upon my heart and mind.

After a while he spoke again in tones weaker than before.

"Harry, the tide is running out fast."

"Oh! Mr. Sinclair, don't leave me!" I cried.



THE DYING SAILOR'S VISION.

"The helm's not in my hands," he said faintly, and I saw the lids fall slowly over his dimmed eyes.

"Speak to me, Mr. Sinclair, speak to me!" I besought him wildly.

"Put your wheel down, there are rocks under the lee," he murmered. Then he lay still, and I knew that he was dead.

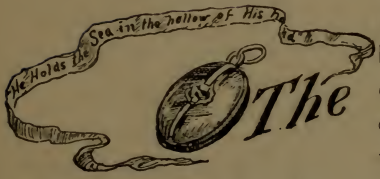
There was glory across the rocks all along the

eastern horizon; the water tinkled musically against the Rajah's sides, and the balmy breath of the equatorial morning fell softly on my face; but I heeded not.

I was alone, a castaway amid a solitude which had been since the Creator's hand had thrown up out of the depths those desert rocks upon a desert sea.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ONE LAST DESPERATE CHANCE.



DAY that followed is a blank to me. I have a dim recollection of wandering about the rocks until nightfall, then seeking the shelter of the ship. A long deep sleep came upon me, and when I awoke in the morning my mind was calm and clear. I determined that after I had performed the last duties for the noble sailor whose dying thoughts had been for my safety, I would get the boat off the house, and stowing it with provisions and water, trust myself to the broad Atlantic on the one last desperate chance.

I got a palm and needle, spread a piece of canvas on the deck, and laid the body of the mate upon it. Doing so I caught sight of a locket which I had noticed once before when I stripped the clothes from off his wounded breast. Reverently opening it, the lovely, smiling face of a young woman looked up at me. On the reverse side of the jewel there was a ring of blue-black hair, encircling which were engraved the words:

"He holds the sea in the hollow of his hand."

That was all. I gave it back into his keeping, then folded the canvas about him and sewed him up in his shroud. For the last time I knelt on the little strip of rock and prayed over my last shipmate. I gave the body to the bosom of the deep, watching it with brimming eyes as it faded slowly from my sight, with the rippling anthem of the waves murmuring a requiem for the dead.

THE LAST SHIPMATE.

Going back to the ship, I tore away two of the bulkhead boards in the forecastle, and making skids of them, slid the small boat down on deck. Next I stepped the mast and bent the sail, then shoved the boat aft until it floated in the water above the deck, making it fast by securing the painter to the mizzen rigging. Here I could easily load it by carrying the cargo across the cabin house.

I filled two kegs with water from one of the deck barrels, and lashed them securely in the boat; then packed a lot of ship's biscuit in some large tin cans belonging to the galley, and stowed them under the thwarts. After making up a good fire in the range I cooked several pieces of beef, which, with the bread, I

"A FEW STROKES OF THE OARS SENT ME CLEAR."

reckoned would last me over two weeks. Had the boat been larger I would have carried more, but I judged that these things, together with my own weight, would be all that it was judicious for me to burden her with.

It was late in the afternoon when my preparations were completed, but as the sea was calm and the weather promising, I determined not to postpone my departure.

I said good-bye to the Rajah and stepped into the boat. Casting off the painter, a few strokes of the oars sent me clear. Almost immediately the current caught the boat, sweeping her away past the rocks, and out into the ocean. I allowed the boat to drift, for nothing was to be gained by speed.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

The stars came out lighting up the heavens with a rare beauty, while away in the south the Southern Cross burned like a holy emblem in the sky, inspiring faith and hope.

I kept awake far into the night, and when I did sleep my rest was fitful and uneasy. My mind was filled with fancies, and my cramped position in the boat admitted of little comfort.

Once I dreamt that I was at home again, and hurry-

ing forward eager for the loving welcome; then I opened my eyes upon the lonely sea heaving about me in the darkness, and slept no more.

As soon as morning came I rigged an awning out of my sail, and gave myself up to watching for a ship.

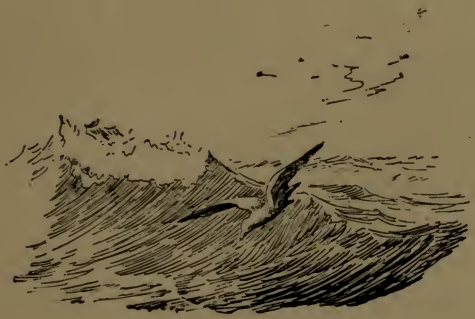
The day passed and the second night drew on, showing nothing but the same dreary waste of waters, and the painful line of the horizon encircling me.

A DREAM OF HOME.

Worn out I fell into a sleep, from which I was awakened by the crest of a wave washing over the gunwale into the boat. I found that the wind had freshened, and quite a little sea had commenced to run. I hoisted the sail and put the boat before the wind, for my safety depended on not allowing the seas to overreach her.

All night long I drove before it, the little vessel

dancing merrily over the surges, and anon shooting ahead with increased speed as a comber would sweep up under the stern and bear her along a tiny plaything on its breast.

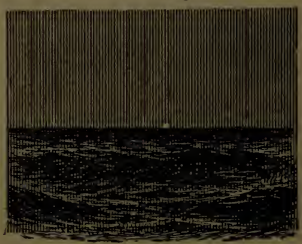


CHAPTER XIII.

HOPE DEFERRED.

WIND went down as the sun rose, and when that luminary was a few hours high it fell a flat calm. I left the sail standing for the shade which it afforded. Again I took up my station on the lookout, sweeping the horizon regularly every few minutes in hopes that my eyes might detect that little white speck against the sky which I would know so well.

The day passed without the longed for sign. As the night deepened a gentle breeze came creeping out from the north-east—when the stars were shining, as well as when the sun and moon rose and set, it was easy to make out the cardinal points. There was no necessity for keeping way upon the boat, so I took in the sail and stretched myself in the stern sheets



"THAT LITTLE WHITE SPECK."

with my head resting on the gunwale. Carelessly I lay watching for some time a will o' the wisp red light out on the horizon, which danced in and out of sight over the bows to the lift and fall of the boat. It was too low down to be a star.

With a sudden cry of joy I sprung to my feet, for I realized that it must be the port side light of a vessel. Stepping over the thwarts I ran up the sail, and headed the boat for the light, my heart beating high with the prospect of speedy rescue.

The vessel was standing to the westward, for as I kept her light dead ahead I faired my wind. Knowing that my only chance of overtaking her was by cutting off at an angle, I eased off the sheet and stood into the north-west.

"I THREW MY OARS INTO THE THOLE PINS."

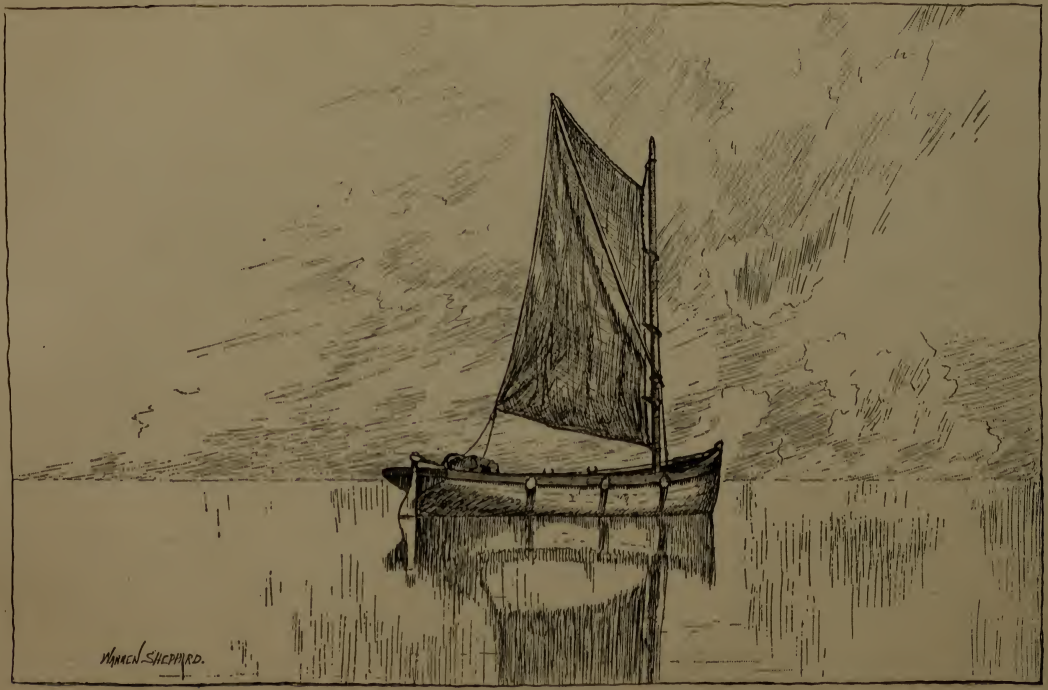
The light kept growing all the time, and I had just commenced to imagine that the vessel was looming against the dark background, when my sail flapped idly against the mast, and the boat lost all headway and remained bobbing up and down in maddening caprice. I threw my oars into the thole pins and

pulled a long, telling stroke that whirled the water sobbing along the sides; but a few moments later when I looked over my shoulder for the light it had disappeared, and I knew that the screen board was hiding it from me as the vessel, carrying the breeze with her, passed ahead beyond all chance of my reaching her.

And then, as if to mock me when it was too late, a catspaw came creeping over the water, and steadied into a fresh little breeze. I shouted despairingly as I stood on for some time longer, though reasoning dictated that the vessel was too far away for any cry of mine to reach her. Another morning came, ushering in a breathless day and a mirrored sea. The heat seemed to sap my very life, and the glare from off the unruffled water obliged me to keep my eyes closed to prevent blinding. The paint on the boat lifted into blisters, and the pitch with which the seams were filled trickled down her sides into the sea.

All that night and the following day the calm continued, but there was a strange feeling in the air and a sickly hue to the sky. It was useless trying to sleep with an oppression, a belief in coming evil, dominating me. I could only watch and wait.

As the sun went down a puff of hot air passed by the boat from the north-east—a transient, sickening gust which seemed to die in its conception. Then an inky blackness, a hellish pall, settled down upon the ocean. How I regretted, that I had not carried away one of the ship's lanterns for with it I could have dis-



"A BREATHLESS DAY AND A MIRRORED SEA."

sipated the immediate gloom which encompassed me.

And then a new thought flashed into my mind to add still further to my misery, for had I been provided with a light, could I not have made such a display of it as to attract the attention of the watch on the vessel that had passed me two night's before?

How long I sat there condemning the stupid haste with which I had left the Rajah I do not know; but all thoughts of the past were driven out of mind by a blinding flash of lightning. A deafening crash of thunder followed. The very darkness seemed to be rent asunder by the shock, and the water about the boat hissed from the concussion. Soon the lightning commenced to play rapidly across the sky, and the thunder rolled incessantly; but, thank heaven! there were no more such awe-inspiring bolts as the one which sent me to the bottom of the boat almost stunned. I lowered the sail under which during the day I had sought shelter from the almost vertical rays of the sun, and anxiously awaited the next phase of the storm.

"A BLINDING FLASH."

Presently the rain fell, but not in drops. It seemed to descend in solid sheets, for it struck the water with quick thuds, and I had all I could do to keep the boat from filling. Still there was no wind, but after the rain

had lasted for about an hour it gradually died away, the blackness lifted, and the stars shone forth.

Almost immediately I detected a low moaning which rapidly increased in volume, and then I knew that the wind was upon me. I had barely time to get out an oar and pull the boat's head around so as to direct it away from where the wind was coming, when it swept by the boat, curling the water into froth as it passed.

For a time I ran before it, the mast in the eyes of the boat keeping her steadily pointed, but the sea was getting up, and occasionally the crest of a wave broke over the stern. I hoisted the sail and scandalized it by making the peak fast to the tack with the end of the throat halyards. This kept her well ahead of the running seas, and I had commenced to believe that the boat would thus weather the gale in safety, when, with a loud report, the sail blew into pieces.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE."

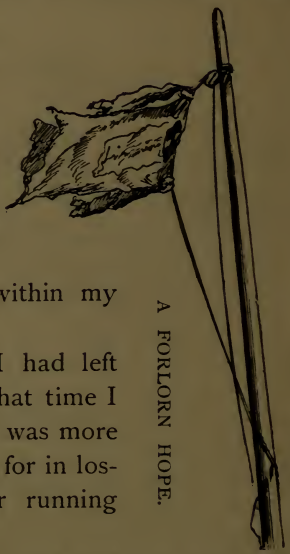
I KNEW that there was not a moment to lose, for if the boat broached too I was lost; so with the vigor which is given to a man whose life is at stake, I bent the painter to the center of the two oars and bottom boards of the boat, and dropped them over the side. In an instant the boat had driven by them, then bringing a strain on the line, her head swung quickly around, and she lay easy, riding to the seas which rolled down upon her.

Fearing, if the sea grew heavier, that the oars and boards would not be sufficient to keep the boat's head up, I unstepped the mast, fashioned a bridle with the halyards, bent the sheet to the bight, and secured the other end to the ring bolt in the eyes. Then I veered that out also over the bow, and laid down in the boat in order to have all the weight as low as possible.

The storm lasted until the next afternoon, then the wind died down to a steady north-east breeze; but the sea remained heavy, and I let the boat lie as she was during the night that followed.

The sun shining in my face awakened me to find that a moderate wind continued, and that the sea had subsided into long, even swells.

From the northerly drift which I had made since leaving the islands, I had reason to believe that I had reached the parallels of the north-east trades. I got in my improvised sea anchor, and making my undershirt fast to the top of the mast, I restepped it, thinking that it would serve as a signal of distress for attracting the notice of any vessel that came within my circle of the horizon.



A FORLORN HOPE.

It was just a week since I had left St. Paul's Rocks, and in all that time I had sighted only one ship. I was more helpless than when I started, for in losing my sail all chances for running down a vessel were forfeited.

Would another week go by and find me still drifting over the waste of waters? And if it did, would my mental and physical powers be equal to the strain? My blood was almost stagnant from lack of exercise; and the frightful anxiety of the long hours through which I had battled for my life with only a half inch plank between me and eternity, was telling upon me.

Once I questioned if it would not have been better

"THEN I VEERED THAT OUT ALSO OVER THE BOW."

to have remained upon the island, but the mate's last advice: "let the current take you, it is your only chance," answered the thought, and I considered it no more.

I got a tin of water from the keg, and a handful of biscuit. After cutting off a slice of beef I sat down in the after part of the boat to breakfast. The first mouthful of meat that I tasted was quickly ejected, for it had spoiled from long exposure.

SHORT RATIONS.

I got out all the cans and counted the biscuit remaining, finding that there was about ten pounds. Allowing myself the generous supply of a pound a day, there was enough to last me for over a week.

When I had drawn the cup of water last, the keg had given out a ringing sound as I rested it on the thwart, so I knew that there could not be much left in it; but I had under the seat a little barrel filled with that precious fluid which would sustain life long after my bread was gone. I cut the lashing that held it, and at that moment the boat lurched, and the keg rolled across the flooring with a hollow sound that turned me faint. After a moment I reached down fiercely and grasped it by the chimes. I could not accept the thought that of all the water round me I had none to drink; but the barrel

came up in my hands without resistance, a false, treacherous thing, with a hollow heart, and I dashed it into the bottom of the boat and cursed it.

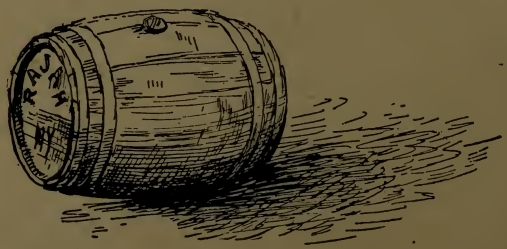
What good was my bread to me now? It would only cling to my parched throat and choke me. How was it that nothing remained in the once full keg?

I turned it about, and in doing so one of the binding hoops near the chimes slipped off and the head fell to the bottom of the boat.

Hour after hour I sat there, stony despair in my heart, gazing upon the few drops of water that I had emptied the first keg of, and thinking of what would follow if I was not rescued soon after it was gone.

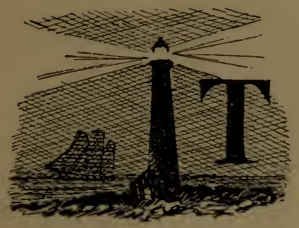
Was the picture which my imagination painted to be the final scene in the long tragedy?

A few days of agonizing thirst under a burning sky, with the brain yielding as the bodily sufferings multiplied; then in torment lapping the briny water; the following madness, and at the last a grinning, hideous skeleton in an open boat upon an open sea.



CHAPTER XV.

"AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD."



IT WAS two days since I had drank my last drop of water. I lay in the bottom of the boat in a half stupor, waiting for what I had mind enough left to know could not be long delayed. The sun burned with a fiery heat upon my upturned face, but I felt it not. There was a broad reach of sea about me in the clear atmosphere on which to search for a sail, but I did not look, for all hope was gone.

Throughout the long day I had fought the demon that was gnawing at my tongue, and throat, and vitals; pitted successfully again and again my weakening will against the awful odds, but at last in frenzy and despair I leaned over the side of the boat to gulp down the fateful potion, when I saw, not more than a mile away, bearing right down upon me, a full rigged ship with snowy cloths bellied to the trades which swept over her beam.

They had evidently sighted the boat some little time before, for they were shortening sail.

When they were close to me they backed the main yard, and a moment later a boat shot out from under her stern and headed for me.

"THEY BACKED THE MAIN YARD."

I thought of my oars, and crawling forward I got them into the thole pins, and there I sat sawing the blades wildly in the air in my excitement when they reached me.

They laid their boat alongside of mine and I rolled over into it, pointing to my mouth, for when I tried to speak only a rasping sound issued from my throat.

"Give way lively, men," said the officer, "and let us get alongside, for the lad is dying with thirst."

"'GIVE WAY LIVELY, MEN.'"

They bent to their oars with such fierce sweeps that the captain hailed the boat interrogatingly. When the answer was called back to him he

"'WELL, MY LAD, HOW DO YOU FEEL THIS MORNING?'"

drew a dipper of water out of the scuttle-butt, and as the men passed me up over the side, he held it to my lips.

That draught! It sought out every parched spot, drowned the fever in my veins, and gave me new life.

The captain led me below, and shortly after the steward brought me a bowl of broth. When I had drunk eagerly all that was allowed me, and had been persuaded to lie down in one of the cabin staterooms, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awaken until the following morning. The captain and his first mate were standing by my bedside when I opened my eyes, and the former said cheerily:

"Well, my lad, how do you feel this morning? Are you strong enough to turn out?"

"I think I am, sir," and suiting the action to my words, I slid out of the bunk and stood up, but I was weaker than I had bargained for, and found it convenient to lean against the bulkhead for support.

"Havn't got strength enough to haul the main yard alone, have you?" said the mate. He handed me a suit of "slop chest" clothes, and after shifting myself into them, and slicking up a bit, I went out into the cabin, finding the captain and his chief officer at breakfast. The former gave me a place beside him, and remarked good naturedly:

"Only ballast trim in your eating, this morning, lad; we'll look out for a full hold later on."

Shortly following we went on deck, and the captain made me comfortable in a big chair under the shade of

the spanker, then asked me to tell him how it was that I came to be in a small boat in the middle of the Atlantic.

I commenced from the time the Rajah left New York and detailed the events of the voyage up to the time the vessel had been cast away, and how, after burying my last shipmate, I had taken to the boat, and had been drifting for nine days.

Then he told me that I was on board the ship San Juan, bound to New York from San Francisco; that his name was Captain Stafford, and that he had been the first one to make out my signal of distress.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

During the run to New York, Captain Stafford had a talk with me about my future, and when he was convinced that I still intended to follow the sea as a profession, he made me a most agreeable offer to sail with him as an apprentice, promising to advance me as rapidly as my progress warranted.

Three weeks from the time the good ship San Juan had picked me up, we sailed into the harbor last seen from the poor old Rajah's deck.

When the captain went ashore to report his arrival, he took me with him, and as he sent me home to relate my adventures he pressed a roll of money into my hand with sailor generosity, and said:

"Take this, Harry, and fix up your sea chest again ready for the San Juan."

A few years later, when in my first command, I re-visited St. Paul's Rocks; but my history has already been sufficiently disclosed under the title of a story which calls for no unnecessary personal *raconter*, but whose interest is naturally supposed to focus on THE CAPTAIN OF THE RAJAH.

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